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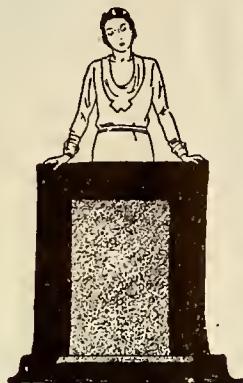
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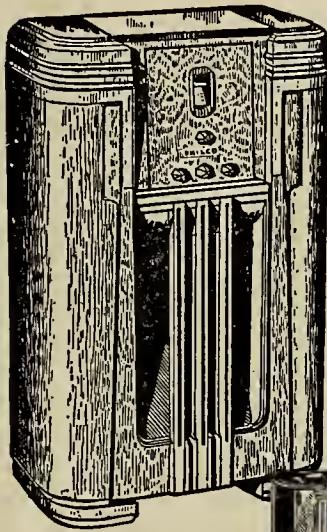
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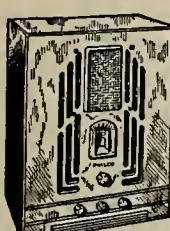
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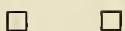
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COVER DESIGN - - - - - DOROTHY PHILLIPS

PAGE

PROLOGUE - - - - -	11
"HOOTS MON" - - - - -	12
OUR PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE - - - - -	13

(Sketch by Jean Tennent)



PAGE

PAGE

STORIES—

Retribution - - - - -	JACK ROBARTS 15
Not What She Wanted - - - - -	MARION KEENE 15
Change of Heart - - - - -	BETTY PATTERSON 20
A Startling Discovery - - - - -	JACK WINTERBOTTOM 28
Algernon Chesterfield Contemplates Suicide - - - - -	MARGARET MARKS 31
A Counterfeit Hero - - - - -	ANNE WALDEN 33
Morton the Great - - - - -	ELIZABETH HARVEY 35
The Meadow - - - - -	JOHN HENDERSON 53
Peter's Failing - - - - -	MIRIAM ROSENTHAL 60

SPECIAL ARTICLES—

Battle Royal, a play (<i>illustrated</i>)	DOROTHY PHILLIPS 22
Editors' Convention - - - - -	THE EDITOR 27
Centralites at Temagami - -	PETER SHUTTLEWORTH 34
Remembrance - - - - -	EVELYN COUGHLIN 36
Such is Life - - - - -	EVELINE COULLS 51
On Slang - - - - -	BARBARA TENNENT 54
Our Credit Record System - - - - -	VICE-PRINCIPAL W. C. JOHNSON 58
The Stars in Their Courses - -	DOROTHY PHILLIPS 58
L.C.C.I. Review Records - - - - -	82

POEMS—

To Beauty - - - - -	VIRGINIA INKSATER 28
Dream Garden (<i>illustrated</i>) - -	SUZANNE BUTLER 29
A Moonlit Scene - - - - -	BILL WYATT 36
Discontented - - - - -	DOROTHY MAHER 51
Dreamland - - - - -	BETTE HUESTON 54

PAGE

Memories - - - - -	ELMER JAMES 57
<i>(Former Central Student killed in action)</i>	
The Flush of Morn - - - - -	EMILY E. MOORE 60
Parodies and Humorous Poetry - - - - -	61-65
<i>See Central's Punch.</i>	

DEPARTMENTS—

Music - - - - -	17-19
Dramatics - - - - -	23-26
Debating and Oratory - - - - -	30
Beyond the Seas - - - - -	38-50
Alumni - - - - -	55-57
Central's Punch - - - - -	61-65
Round Robins - - - - -	67-71
The Central Sporter - - - - -	73-81

PHOTOGRAPHS—

Open Sesame - - - - -	16
The Wishing Well—Kilworth - - - - -	21
L.C.C.I. Committees—1934-5 - - - - -	32
Lake Temagami - - - - -	37
Staff Picture - - - - -	52
Students' Union Executive - - - - -	56
The Address - - - - -	59
Central at Play - - - - -	66
Central Rugby Teams - - - - -	72
U. of W.O. Scholarship Winners - - - - -	14
L.C.C.I. Orchestra - - - - -	17
Review Staffs - - - - -	27
Scenes in Temagami - - - - -	34
Smaller Pictures—See under Departments.	



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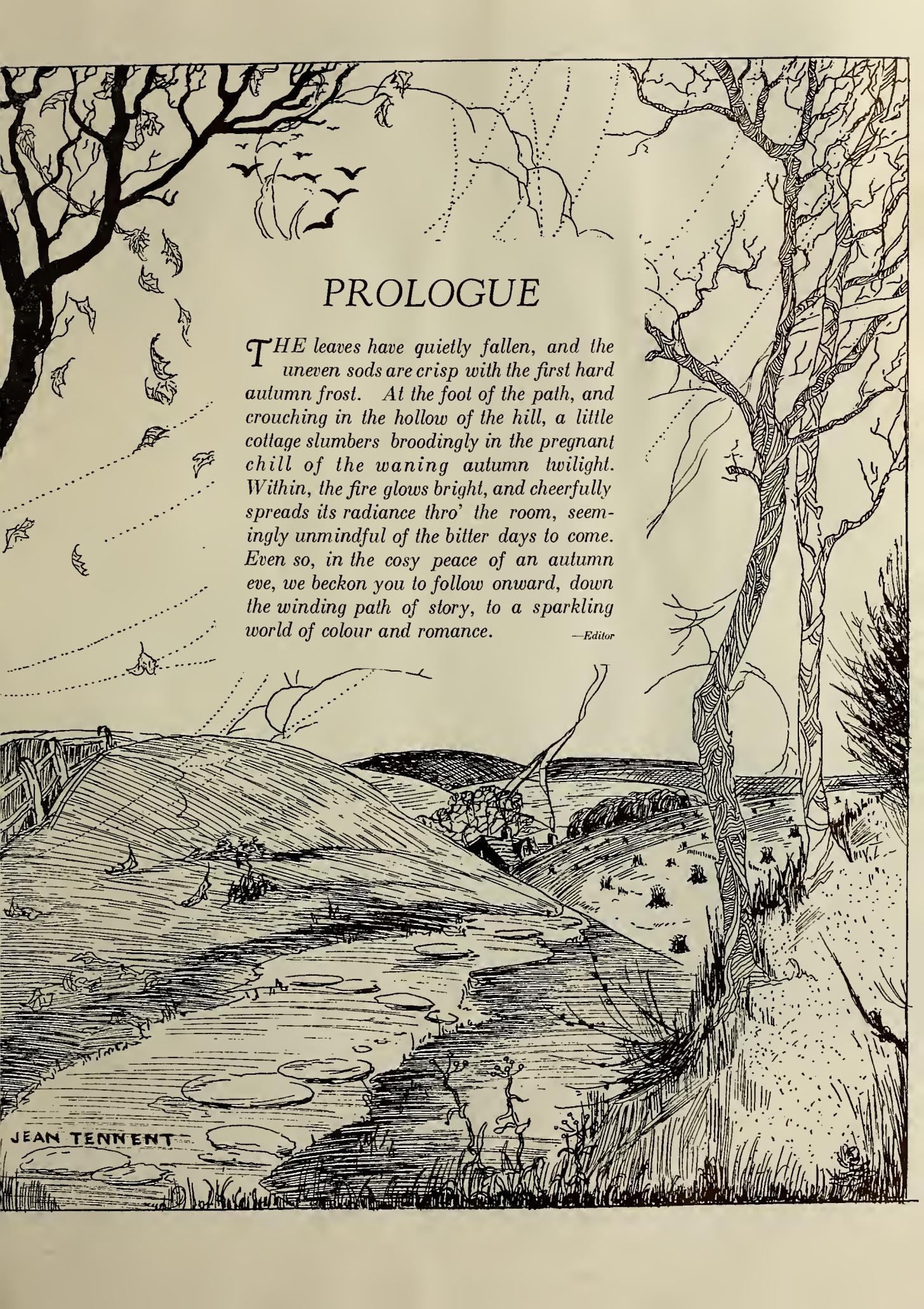
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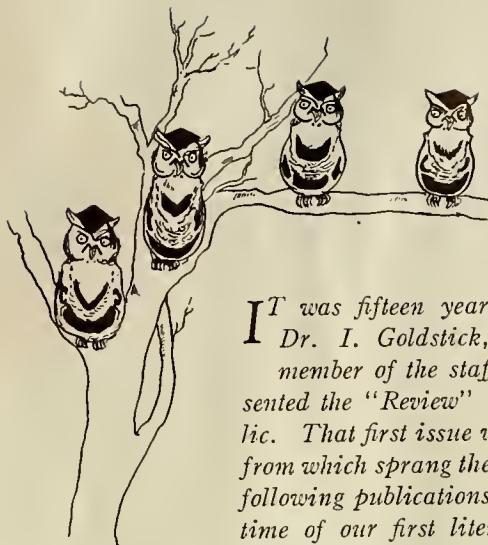
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PROLOGUE

THE leaves have quietly fallen, and the uneven sods are crisp with the first hard autumn frost. At the foot of the path, and crouching in the hollow of the hill, a little cottage slumbers broodingly in the pregnant chill of the waning autumn twilight. Within, the fire glows bright, and cheerfully spreads its radiance thro' the room, seemingly unmindful of the bitter days to come. Even so, in the cosy peace of an autumn eve, we beckon you to follow onward, down the winding path of story, to a sparkling world of colour and romance.

—Editor



IT was fifteen years ago, that Dr. I. Goldstick, a former member of the staff, first presented the "Review" to the public. That first issue was the seed, from which sprang the long line of following publications. From the time of our first literary efforts, our magazine has stood for an honest, and comprehensive portrayal of school life. We hope that our contribution is true to the standards set up by those of our predecessors, and that in no way have we failed to live up to their ideals. If, in this, we have succeeded, we feel our time well spent, and complete compensation for the little trials and disappointments encountered in preparing for you the 1934 "Review."

This year, our congratulations for the simple but attractive cover design go to Dorothy Phillips. We also wish to congratulate Phyllis Murray and Suzanne Butler whose work was judged second and third respectively. The cover was chosen from a selection of twenty-seven, more than we have had to select from for years. The change in colour of the paper, of which we hope you all approve, we thought advisable.

One of the most heartening features in connection with the "Review" this year, was the enthusiasm which it created in the school. This may have been due, to a certain extent, to the large number of prizes and inducements which were offered. These included a prize to the student selling the most ads, and our promise to print the names of all students who sold ten or more "Reviews." The competitions which were held among the five years in an effort to increase

"Hoots Mon"

the sales, turned out very successfully, with First Year in the lead. In this connection, we would like to thank Bill Smith, the assistant circulation manager, for the time he spent in an effort to make the sales campaign a success.

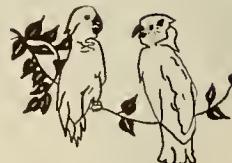
Artists especially, seem to be very numerous in the school as about thirty-five students took part in the art work this year, and you will realize from the increased number of cuts throughout the book that we have made full use of their contributions.

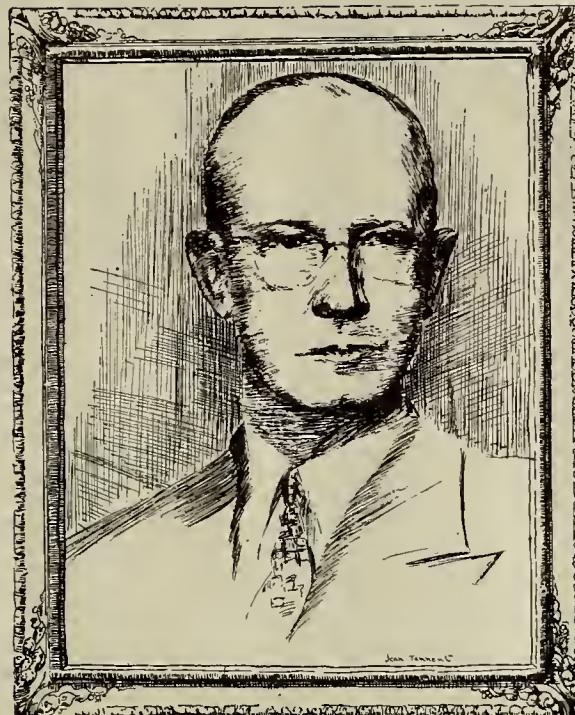
Of the format of the "Review" itself, a little explanation is necessary. Although changes have been made here and there, we have tried to retain in the magazine those things which we found you liked, and to discard those which we found you did not. The travel section is quite novel, combining into one, the former Latin-French-German sections. You notice that it is written in English so you will have no excuse for skipping over it this year. The excellent heading is the work of Miss Jean Tennent. Our athletic section is again in newspaper style, and we have done our best to make it a light and interesting account of the year's work. Similarly the "Round Robin" is quite an innovation, designed to bring you the school news in the most enjoyable way possible.

We have tried this year to have as many of the students as possible actively engaged in work for the "Review," and although we had hoped to print their names, there have been so many that we have found this to be impossible.

To the members of the staff, and to the students who have given their time and energy to make the "1934 Review" a success, we extend our hearty thanks, and wish you all a Merry Christmas.

—The Editor.





PRINCIPAL E. A. MILLER

EDUCATION in a democracy, both within and without the school, should develop in each individual the knowledge, interests, ideals, habits and powers whereby he will find his place in the world and use that place to shape both himself and society toward ever nobler ends."

The ultimate purpose and the immediate aim of education have been stated in a great variety of ways and by a great number of different writers and speakers in the past few years. It is recognized that the ultimate purpose is related to society as a whole and that the immediate aim is connected with individual educational institutions. The statement as quoted above emphasizes the contribution of the organized program of education as provided in the school and also the contribution of all other educational influences outside the school to the welfare of the individual who is looking forward to finding his place in some useful occupation in the world.

The varied and comprehensive program of activities in evidence in the London Central Collegiate Institute is a definite recognition of the necessity of giving to all students the opportunity of acquiring as much knowledge as possible during his sojourn in the institution and at the same time of cultivating worthwhile interests, conceiving lofty ideals, forming

right habits and developing the powers that are his for the satisfaction of himself and the betterment of the whole community.

Hence there devolves upon each and every one in the community that constitutes the school the responsibility of finding through the work of the class-room and the activities of the various organizations and the influences emanating from numerous sources the development that will mean much to him and to all with whom he comes into contact in the immediate and in the more remote future.

We have pleasure in submitting to the readers of the Review a list of those who have received special awards for the year 1933-1934:—

1. The University of Western Ontario Honour Matriculation Scholarships:—

A General Proficiency Scholarship in English, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, History, and two Sciences of the value of \$500 to Robert Moore.

A General Proficiency Scholarship in English, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, a Science and a Language of the value of \$500 to Ronald S. Ritchie.

A Two Department Scholarship in English, French and German of the value of \$250 to Robert Syrett.

THE REVIEW

A Two Department Scholarship in Latin, Greek, and two other papers of the value of \$250 to Jean Paterson.

A One Department Scholarship in Greek of the value of \$125 to Walter Brandy.

A Special Tuition Scholarship of the value of \$200 to Douglas Shales.

2. Other General Awards:—

A Leonard Foundation Scholarship of the value of \$100 to Douglas Shales.

The First Carter Scholarship for Middlesex County of the value of \$100 to Robert E. Moore.

The Second Carter Scholarship for Middlesex County of the value of \$60 to Ronald S. Ritchie.

A Thomas E. Wilson Scholarship in connection with the Ontario College of Agriculture of the value of \$150 to Lloyd C. Hooper.

3. The University of Western Ontario Intramural Awards:—

Gold Medals

In Business Administration to Walter Tamblyn.

In Chemistry to Mervin Cody.

In French to Sophie Richmond.

In Physics to Reuben Hornstein.

In Physics and Chemistry to John Tamblyn.
The University Alumnae Association Prize in Canadian History to Minnie Ginsberg.

Board of Governors' Scholarships:—

In First Year Honour Classics to Jean Vail.

In Third Year Honour Chemistry to Fred Webb.

In Third Year Honour Classics to Ernest Raymond.

Board of Governors' Prizes:—

In Third Year English to Louise Neville.

In Third Year Philosophy to Maudie Shapiro.

In Second Year French to David Shales.

Other Awards:—

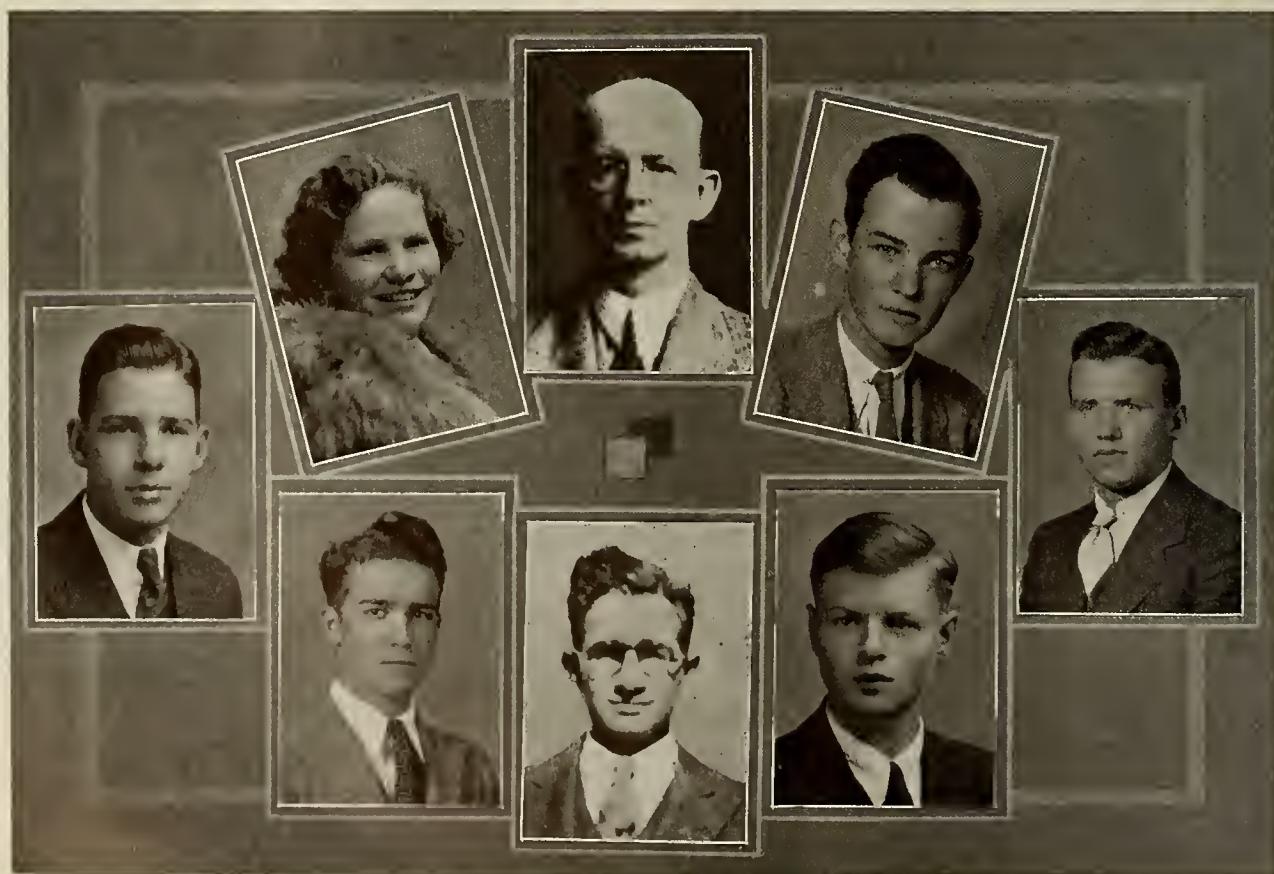
The Khaki University and Y.M.C.A. Scholarship to Borden Spears.

The John Gordon McIntosh Scholarship, No. 1—Second Year Honour Mathematics and Physics to Melvin Pryce.

The Sir Wilfred Laurier Scholarship for French Conversation (Elementary) to Margaret Beal.

A Saunders Prize—French Essay—to Alfred Petrie.

The Alpha Kappa Psi Diploma—First Year Honour Business Administration, to David Shales.



U. of W. ONTARIO SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

Upper Row—Walter Brandy, Jean Paterson, Principal E. A. Miller, Robert Syrett, Robert E. Moore.
Lower Three—Douglas Shales, Lloyd C. Hooper, Ronald S. Ritchie.

Retribution

IN a deserted, out-of-the-way corner of old London, a man hastened along the street. He was clothed in a black, drab, ill-fitting overcoat and wore a black felt hat pulled well over his eyes. Although the day was mild, he was muffled to the chin and wore heavy woollen gloves. He had a furtive air about him, and walked with that peculiar, side-long glance of one who believes he is being followed.

Suddenly he dodged up a small, dirty side alley. He walked down a few steps fitted a rusty key into an equally rusty lock and, by dint of much pushing and heaving, succeeded in opening the door. The large room was a bewildering maze of scientific paraphernalia—retorts, test-tubes, beakers of weirdly-coloured liquids and red-hot ovens.

In three minutes the man was busy at work—mixing, grinding, distilling, talking to himself. Attracted by a slight noise from a corner, he uttered a fearful oath, strode over to the corner, and dragging out a small monkey, beat it unmercifully, despite its almost human cries. He returned hurriedly to his work, and in ten seconds the incident was forgotten—by the man. The monkey cringed in the corner, absolutely motionless, nursing his wrongs and his bruises.

♦ ♦ ♦

Not What She Wanted

PETER PRESTON was one of those "one-in-a thousand" boys. He was tall and dark, and possessed a remarkable set of teeth, that when he smiled, gave one the same shock as that of having a flashlight suddenly flashed in his eyes. Oh yes, he could wear clothes, he had a car, he had many things, but he did not have ----!



CLUMSY

second glance, and rarely the first. Every day he saw her somewhere. He even picked up her

Peter, of course, was the idol of ninety-nine percent of the girls in the school, but, to his dismay, there was one girl in the one hundredth percent class who was the only girl Peter cared one bit about. Her name was Betty Dean. Peter knew that—he found it out from the other boys who all knew her. He also knew that she was the prettiest girl in the school, and that she did not give him a

Jack Robarts

Slowly the man's face was transfigured. The small, pig-like eyes gleamed avariciously; a grim smile spread over the slash of a mouth. While pouring the last two tubes of vaporous, evil-smelling semi-liquids into a small, square, earthen dish, he uttered a long, whistling excuse for a laugh.

"At last," he murmured, "at last, the secret of the centuries, the secret of Time—Alchemy! I have produced gold from lead! The world is mine!"

Once again a soft murmur was heard from the corner. The man was so occupied that he did not notice it. It increased in intensity until it was a frenzied chatter. The monkey leaped from the corner, landing in the midst of the test-tubes, retorts and bunsen burners, knocking them over, throwing them in all directions. His keen, fear-crazed eyes lit on the earthenware dish. It was a race between the man and the monkey. The monkey won.

Twenty-four hours later, attracted by mad screams and bursts of insane laughter, a policeman forced his way into the underground retreat. Here, in a wilderness of broken glass, he found a madman who chattered of gold, and a dead monkey.

Marion Keene

Second Prize Story---Middle and Upper School

Geometry case which he had purposely knocked out of her hands one day, but, instead of a sweet smile and a hesitating "thank-you," he received a sharp reproof—"clumsy."

The school had gone "rugby-mad" this season. Peter thought it a lot of nonsense. He listened to a lot of talk about it, but soon lost all interest. All he could gather was that they needed a new quarter-back. Oh well, he was safe, he did not know the first thing about it.

Peter was trying to solve the great problem, as he walked down Main Street one busy Saturday morning. Why didn't Betty like him or even speak to him? Yesterday, she practically snubbed him.

Suddenly he heard a gay laugh behind him. Only one person on earth had a sweet laugh like that. He turned around to see Betty coming through the morning shoppers, with four boys trailing after her. On a leash, was a small foolish looking dog, which everyone stepped on, causing the poor creature to howl at intervals. The little dog stood it until he could endure it no more. Suddenly he bolted, right out of Betty's hand and disappeared in the crowd. Immediately there was

{ *Continued on page 83*



1. Clyde Macdonald, as Ali Baba 2. Betty Wolff, as Mrs. Cassim 3. Leonard Lumsden, as Abdallah the Captain of the Forty 4. Nelson Foster, Dick Guthrie, Arthur Cooke, as Abdallah's Three Lieutenants 5. Clyde Macdonald, as Ali Baba 6. Flora Martin, as Morgiana 7. Arthur Cooke and Nelson Foster, as Ibrahim and Mustapha.



« « MUSIC » »

Editor - - - Evelyn Coughlin

*"Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow doth resistance find."*

—Waller.

ONE of the most important as well as enjoyable phases of our curriculum is auditorium singing, and it is interesting for the seniors to look back over their school career and note the distinct changes and improvements that it has undergone.

The amount of singing has increased considerably, from the time when Mr. Lethbridge conducted singing in the school each Friday, until now we enjoy it three days a week. Also, the spirit and enthusiasm of auditorium songs have been enlivened by the accompaniment of the school orchestra.

Under the able leadership of Mr. Carr, many new songs, at once popular with the student body, have been introduced. Particularly are we proud of our rousing new school song, of which not only the words but also the music, were composed by Mr. Carr.

An extra section, inserted in the song books three years ago, made possible greater variety in the programme. Another thing, of which we had very little in former years, was tried, the presentation of more musical talent in the auditorium exercises. This plan proved a great success, and we hope to have even more of it in the future.

Community singing is generally considered to be at its best at the time of our Remembrance Day programme, when the entire school, as a unit, joins in song. This year, community singing in the individual years has been encouraged more than before, by means of the organization of the year meetings, held in the gymnasium once a week.

Many changes and improvements for the better in auditorium singing have been carried out during the past, and we hope that the future holds even bigger and better musical years.

—Editor.



The Orchestra

Once more the third period found the orchestra members tuning up for practice. With Mr. Carr conducting, Miss Gilles at the piano and Mr. Maddeford playing the trombone, the orchestra of 1933-34 started out on what was to prove a very successful year.

Welcome additions were several trombone and trumpet players, besides a 'cellist and violist. Two new trumpets, six new stands, and a number of lights were purchased. This additional membership and equipment meant a great deal to the organization.



THE ORCHESTRA

Front row—left to right—Orlon Hall, John Husher, Jean Porter, Kay Probyn, Mary Melnick, Mary Whale, Don Urquhart, David Lumb.

Second row—Walter Smith, Ted Ruse, Jim Leighton, Ed Wilson, Don Miller, Bill O'Brien, Jack Winterbottom, Doris Kingsmill.

Third row—Don McLennan, Dudley Thompson, Geof. Miller, Miss A. Gilles, Mr. D. H. Carr, Mr. C. W. Maddeford, Harold Scott, Eugene Aristoffe, Ed. Crowe, Rus Maguire, Jack Peters, Garth Cambridge.

Fourth row—King Vogan, Jack Morgan. Absent—Wilson Wright, Lew Falconer.

The orchestra's repertoire was increased with such numbers as Wagon Wheels, Marche Militaire and selections from H.M.S. Pinafore.

Besides playing at the annual school operetta, the orchestra assisted in providing entertainment for the Second Year Party. Each Friday they contributed to the musical programmes and accompanied the singing.

The orchestra each year strives to improve on the preceding year. May 1934-35 bring success worthy of the endeavours of the leader and his assistants.

—Mary Whale



"Open Sesame"

"Open Sesame" was the phrase which gave access not only to a secret cave but to an evening of splendid entertainment as well. For those two magic words were the title of the comic opera presented last year at the Collegiate. Needless to say, it was directed by our own musical conductor, Mr. Carr, and was under the auspices of the Literary Society.

The tale, as one might guess, dealt with probably the most famous of all Scheherazade's fanciful stories, "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." The operetta was an English adaptation of this story. It told of the beggarly Ali Baba and his finding of the cave wherein the thieves had hidden their treasure of fabulous wealth. The secret of the cave was guarded well, however, by a door which opened only when addressed with the formula "Open Sesame." Ali Baba came, saw and departed and with him departed much of the treasure. How much, his long suffering donkey might testify. At this point a new element was introduced by the appearance of the young ladies of Cassim College, accompanied by Mrs. Cassim, the head-mistress. Their desire to study the mysteries of underground caverns led them to the spot and the desire was satisfied far beyond their expectations, for they found a band of dashing young robbers. It goes without saying that the girls' departure left in its wake forty love-lorn lads. A quarrel arose between the band and the captain's lieutenant, Hassarac. The last named gentleman, learning in the course of the conversation that his company was quite unnecessary, withdrew rather precipitously to the accompaniment of much brandishing of murderous-looking weapons. The love interest was provided chiefly by Morgiana, Ali Baba's slave, who wound her master around the proverbial little finger. The outcast Hassarac became enamoured of the beautiful slave but she heartlessly said him nay. Abdallah, the captain of the forty, seeking vengeance on the one who had taken his treasure, stationed his men most uniquely in oil barrels. Howsoever, the resourceful Morgiana discovered the ruse and settled matters quite neatly by sending them all to "Bye-Bye Land." Again the girls entered, finding their "dear, delightful

thieves" in a most awkward situation. But they being girls and in love, freed the poor dears and then came the crowning surprise of the performance. Mrs. Cassim entered with the startling revelation that Hassarac was a professor by rights and no wicked thief at all. Hence, in a true professor-like manner, he delivered sound advice to the girls on the art of being good wives and accompanied the said advice with printed pamphlets. The Forty, in a fit of remorse and repentance, renounced all robbery and bid fair to be upright, honest citizens thenceforth. And thus the curtain fell with the entire company joined in singing "Wedding Bells."

I do not pretend to be a music critic, but in my humble opinion this operetta was by far the best yet attempted by the school. The cast was splendidly chosen and seemed to be absolutely at ease behind the footlights. Flora Martin made a most vivacious and entirely unaffected Morgiana and her clear soprano voice was very pleasing. Betty Wolff as Mrs. Cassim was a pleasant surprise, with a fine mezzo-soprano voice. Hope Zurbrigg and Margaret Milroy as Fatima and Zuleika, were equally charming. Clyde Macdonald gave a humorous interpretation of the character Ali Baba. The combination of a fine voice and a knack for comedy rendered his numbers interesting, "The German Sausage," particularly so. Leonard Lumsden, as Abdallah, Dick Guthrie as Hassarac, Arthur Cooke and Nelson Foster as Ibrahim and Mustapha turned out excellent performances. The boys' chorus, far surpassing those of previous years, was unusually strong and robust for amateurs. Cliff Sharpe, costumed in true oriental splendour, gave a masterly reading of the prologue which was written by Miss Wyatt and was a splendid introduction to the opera. Dances, typical of the far east, were executed by Metta Morrison, Betty Anderson, June Vogan, Shirley Shoebottom and Ann Little.

The costumes, designed by and executed under the direction of Miss Edge and Miss Wianko, were as usual, praiseworthy. The girls of the chorus were dressed in dainty frocks of pink and green print with huge organdy sleeves and soft black silk bows at the neck-line. These charming cos-



"OPEN SESAME"

umes were completed by the addition of parasols in matching colours. The members of the Forty were garbed in Turkish costume with colourful turbans, scarves and sashes. Each carried a dirk at his waist which showed most convincingly the murderous intentions of the band. The other members of the cast were likewise dressed in Turkish raiment with the exception of Mrs. Cassim, who appeared in a university cap and gown.

The scenery, designed by Mr. Buck, was most realistic. The magic cave, displaying an abundance of stalacites and stalagmites which might have been placed there by nature, was everything an underground cavern should be. The barrels in which the hapless robbers were confined were a fine piece of work.

The rendition of several musical selections by the orchestra was included in the programme. Orchids to all those who assisted with the costumes, scenery and stage management.

In conclusion, may we quote the words of the Caliph of Bagdad:

"The story of this night shall be told in all ages."

—Audrey Brown



MUSIC IN THE AUDITORIUM

During the school year 1933-34 it was our privilege to enjoy many good programmes, both musical and dramatic, at our daily auditorium exercises. Here you may read a brief resumé of the year's events.

Fall Term Brings New Idea

Our musical director, Mr. Carr, introduced for the first time last fall, short musical entertainments given by the students. During November we had two programmes of this kind. The first brought us a charming solo by Jean Brown, violin solo by Eileen George, and selections on the accordion by Bill Watters. At the second we heard another group, including a delightful solo by Arthur Cooke and a saxophone solo by Reg. Saville, accompanied by Jim Grant. On this occasion the orchestra made its bow to the school, playing for the first time the School March. During December, owing to the visits of several speakers and because of other necessary transactions, we heard only an occasional selection by the orchestra. In March, during the visit of the inspector, we were favored with another musical programme, the artists being Eileen George, Bill Watters and the Orchestra.

An enjoyable fifteen minutes was spent in listening to solos by Isobel May and Margaret Milroy, of the Fourth Year. I believe that the student body was quite ready in June to admit that they had witnessed some very worthwhile entertainment.

Mrs. Durst Delights Pupils

On one occasion we were honoured by the presence of Mrs. Robert Durst, contralto soloist of St. Andrew's Church. Mrs. Durst sang for us three delightful songs and the memory of them

lingers with us still. We would like to have her with us again.

An Appreciation of Our Pianists

We take this opportunity to pay tribute to Hope Zurbrigg, whose piano accompaniment added considerably to our enthusiasm for community singing. We would also like to thank Audrey Braden, Jack Laughton and Clyde McDonald for their presence at the piano this year.

Our New Method of Singing

This year, in place of using song books, the words of the songs are thrown on a screen. The idea is a good one, for not only are certain student ushers given the full benefit of their third and fourth periods, but also the members of the staff need no longer fear their singing capacity is being scrutinized. New songs are being introduced and as "variety is the spice of life," I must say the change seasons our musical menu delightfully.

—Pauline Crouch



The Glee Club

A new feature of the musical life of the school this year has been the formation of the Glee Club, held in the third period each Tuesday. It is composed of boys and girls mainly of the third, fourth and fifth years, although some of its members belong to the Lower School. The chief aim of the Glee Club is to establish a permanent vocal group in the institution. Also, one of its purposes is to prepare for the Operetta, which is one of the most important events of the school year. The Glee Club was formed also to help introduce new songs in the auditorium, and this has already been tried out with success.

The Glee Club has started out with a good chance for a year of success. Its members are enthusiastic and willing, and are looking forward to accomplishing great things this year. We are eagerly looking for their first appearance on the school platform and are sure of the success of anything they may decide to put on.



THE GLEE CLUB

Front Row—Arras Allison, Isabel May, Mary Armour, Audrey Furse, Pauline Crouch, Eleda Parsons, Alice Der Stepanian, Jean Bradford.
 Second Row—Margaret Milroy, Geraldine Hughes, Evelyn Coughlin, Frances Ivison, Dorothy Maher, Marion Murray, Marion Shuttleworth, Isabel Taylor, Ellen Kilbourne.
 Back Row—Ken Gowrie, Paul Smith, Art Cooke, Alex. Smith, Stuart Spofford, Russel Weir, Jack Morgan.

Change of Heart

IT had been snowing all day and although the chauffeur had shovelled the walk earlier in the day it was now piled ankle-deep with shifting drifts. Amoury Thornton, her feet shod in luxurious, furred carriage boots, picked her way daintily down to the waiting limousine. With one hand she held up the filmy skirts of her black chiffon dress, while with the other she held the collar of her short fur jacket across her throat.

As she advanced to the curb she became aware that someone was watching her intently, and she looked up, sharply. A young girl stood not ten yards from her. She was very poorly dressed and out of a pale, thin face framed in long, shaggy hair stared a pair of large, dark eyes. The short, stiff veil depending from her black toque had been blown back and Amoury's light-blue eyes encountered those other eyes so very different from her own. It gave her the most unusual sensation, as though solid ground had suddenly been jerked out from under her. She seemed to glimpse a world very different from the one she knew, a world of narrow streets, of unpainted frame shacks or tenements built close to the road, of dark, dingy rooms filled with the stale odours of cooking. She saw all this in those unusual eyes and yet Amoury knew nothing of the life of the poorer classes and had never seen a slum.

Her mother had preceded her into the car and now her impatient voice recalled her daughter to earth.

"Do hurry, Amoury. We're late already, as it is."

Amoury withdrew her eyes reluctantly although she was eager to escape such unpleasant visions. She went on, stepping into the car while the chauffeur held open the door. They rolled smoothly away. Amoury pulled down her veil and straightened her skirts.

"Did you notice that girl?" she asked.

"No. What girl?"

"She was standing there by the sidewalk. She had the strangest eyes I've ever seen."

* * * * *

That evening Amoury attended a New Year's dance at the Van Tyles'. She was gorgeous in a dress of painted white velvet stiffened with a lining of taffeta. Jewels sparkled on her fingers, her arms, round her throat and from her ears. Her escort was Freddie Lunt, a frivolous young man who had been hopelessly in love with her for at least two long months.

They had been dancing but Amoury had asked him to get her some of the favours which were being distributed. She wanted a gay paper hat and a horn. Waiting for him, she stood near a doorway, wound up in yards and yards of coloured streamers.

Betty Patterson

First Prize Story--Middle and Upper School

Looking up she saw Alan Drake approaching her. Amoury's heart began to beat faster. He was coming to her, wasn't he? Oh everything was all right. The party suddenly became complete and worthwhile.

"Hello, Miss Beautiful," he greeted her.

"How are you, Alan?"

"Oh, I'm fine, thanks. No need to ask how you are. How is it you're left here alone like a deserted princess?"

"Well I don't think anyone has penetrated my disguise and discovered my identity yet."

"Oh I see. Didn't you come with Freddie?"

"Yes. He's just gone to get me some favours."

"Indeed. Well, in the meantime suppose you come and have a drink with me?"

"I'd love to."

The rooms were crowded and Alan offered Amoury his arm that they might progress more easily. Drinks were served in the games' room at one end of which was a bar behind which stood a Japanese butler.

"What will you have?"

"Champagne, please."

Alan brought her a glass. But as she lifted it to her lips she seemed to see again the shabbily dressed girl with the large, dark eyes. In place of the brightly-lighted room, the laughter, the chatter and the clink of glasses she saw a small dark room, in it pale-faced people, and she heard the sound of crying. Amoury's hand shook so that some of her drink slopped over and her elaborate, expensive gown was irreparably stained.

"What's the matter, dear?" inquired Alan.

"How queer!" exclaimed Amoury. "Oh, I'm all right Alan."

Their drinks finished, the glasses were set down.

"Where is your wrap?" asked Alan.

"Why, in the dressing room, of course," replied Amoury, wonderingly.

"Go up and get it and we'll go for a walk on the terrace. That is, if it suits you?"

"Yes indeed."

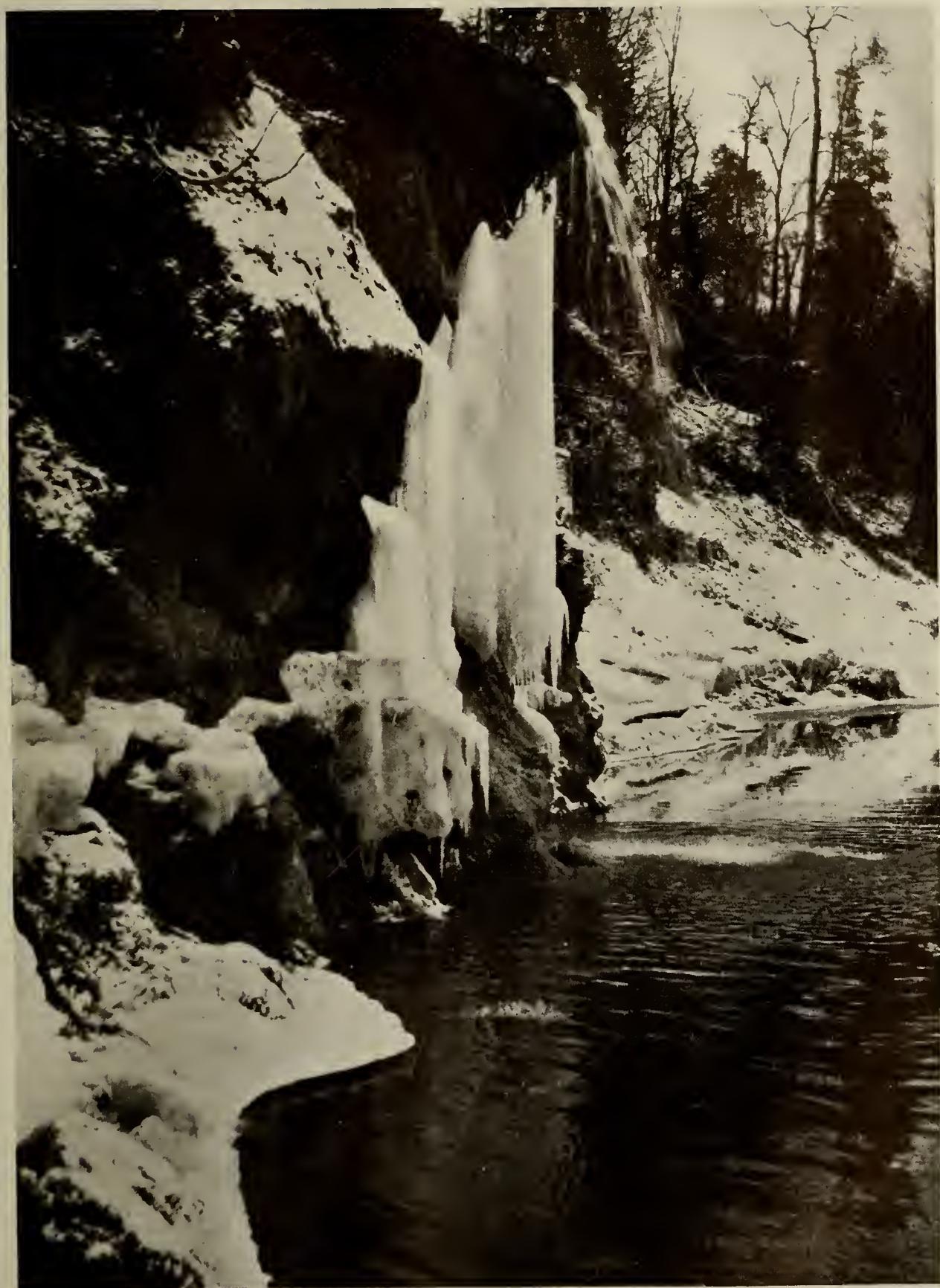
There was a smile on Amoury's face as she walked from the room, but at the foot of the staircase she met Freddie.

"Oh hullo, Amoury. I've been looking for you just everywhere," he complained plaintively.

"That's too bad. I'm just going up to powder my nose. I'll only be a few minutes, but don't wait for me. I'll find you."

Amoury came downstairs wrapped in an ermine cloak the collar of which framed her fair

{ Continued on Page 88



THE WISHING WELL—KILWORTH

Battle Royal

A Play . . . One Act . . . Two Scenes (Based on "My Last Duchess")

Scene I.

SCENE—A magnificent reception room in the ancient palace of the duchy of Ferrara; panelled walls, rich hangings, stately paintings, graceful furniture.

Duke—(pacing up and down the thickly carpeted floor and speaking aloud)—It must be done. This shall not continue. I am proud, but my pride is justified, my anger righteous. I will speak to her. (Pulls a silken cord hanging nearby). (To the servant)—Ask Her Grace to come to the library.

The Duchess (a tall, graceful woman, young, beautiful, aristocratic, enters. Her eyes reflect a deep sorrow)—My lord wishes something?

Duke—My lady, give attention to what I am about to say to you. I am not jealous, but I forbid you to treat other people of lesser rank in the same manner that you treat me. Woman, have you no pride, no sense of social rank?

Duchess (tossing her head angrily)—My lord, may I remind you that you are addressing an equal, not a menial. You have no right, no cause to speak thus. I shall hear no more! (turns to leave).

Duke—Stop! You forget, my dear, that I am the Duke of Ferrara! I can have you punished for disobeying me. Yesterday that fawning fool, Giovanni, broke a cherry bough in the orchard for you. You thanked him, graciously, smiled on him, blushed and were delighted.

Duchess—Giovanni is a polite, charming lad; and he displays better manners than my lord. I shall continue to thank men for the kindnesses which I receive gratefully.

Duke—Are you trying to set your wit to mine, to make excuses?



Dorothy Phillips

Duchess—I could be quite empty-headed and still match my lord in intelligence. I make excuses to no one.

Duke—Silence! Bah! you rank my priceless gift of a nine hundred years old name with anybody's gift! You show more true affection and take more delight in the white mule than you do in me!

Duchess—If you had some of the endearing qualities of the mule I should think better of you. As for your gift of a name, I prefer politeness, kindness, consideration, and love to any empty meaningless name!

Duke—Woman, you insult my family! It is unforgivable. Why, may I ask, were you so gracious to that penniless pauper, Fra Pandolf? The mere painting of a portrait could scarcely fill you so with joy, nor could my presence be the sole cause. No doubt, he complimented you, and, foolish creature, you thought it was courtesy and cause enough for joy. I command you to behave as a lady of rank. Be distant, cold with inferiors, and reserve your graciousness for your lord alone. This is no humble request, it is a command!

Duchess—My lord, I shall act, henceforth, exactly as I desire. You shall not control my behaviour. My estimation of the Duke of Ferrara has been considerably lowered. I bid you good evening. (Exit).

The Duke stands astonished; suddenly, he leaves the room and his harsh voice is heard talking to the servants outside.

Scene II.

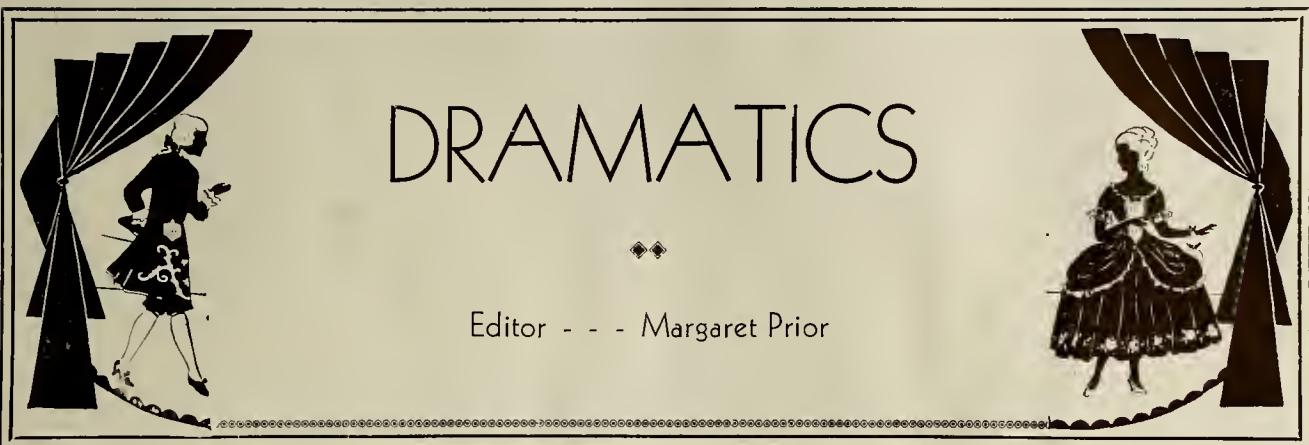
Scene—same, three months later. The Duke and Duchess seated before the massive fireplace.

Duke—Madam, I warned you, I commanded. You disregarded all my decrees. Your attitude and behaviour pass all bounds. You smiled on me, the selfsame smiles you bestowed on the stable boys. You are unbearable, and I am forced to condemn you to death in the same manner as I condemn all who refuse to obey.

Duchess (turning pale—speaking slowly)—You condemn me to death for that reason? (passionately). You would murder me because I am gracious, polite, kind and democratic! You are intolerable. I should have died soon, anyway. You are the type that causes any human, sensitive nature to wither. In fact, I prefer death to a life spent in misery with you!

Duke (standing up)—Enough! In a quarter-hour your executioners will be here. Prepare yourself for death.

{ Continued on Page 94



ACTING is a means by which man can express himself. In the classical plays the effect aimed at by writers of both tragedy and comedy was that of contrast with ordinary daily life. The ancient Grecian arts reflected the sanity and freedom of their lives, and all human experiences were a source of material to great artists. The Greeks, because of their hatred of moral and political chaos, developed their drama until it was a beautiful and orderly proportioned thing. Their best tragedies show wonderful skill in construction and the characters are few but finely developed by interaction one with another. All plays, whether tragic or comic, originated from simple and primitive material. Tragedy, it is thought, developed from a chorus lamenting some dead hero, and comedy from the festivals at changing seasons or marriage ceremonies.

Since music expressed a sensation which had no outlet in words and recalled an emotion of the past, the Greeks made use of a chorus, thus in their drama introducing rhythm and tone. Usually the chorus developed a leader who was called the actor and he performed the part of characters outside the chorus. Aeschylus then introduced another actor, thus making two and they took the important parts in spoken dialogue, reducing the prominence of the chorus and introducing a dramatic element.

The Greek theatre was an out of door or open air theatre; the only shelter provided being for the actors. Tiers of semicircular stone seats arranged around a flat central place or orchestra were often cut out from the side of a hill, so that beyond the actors' shelter, natural scenery was beheld. Trees and sky, sometimes a line of distant hills formed a real background for the play. The actors themselves had to be tall, and much emphasis was given to their parts in the forms of masked fixed expressions, to convey to their audiences their character.

The traditions of a Greek play were lost in the Middle Ages. The subjects for drama were almost entirely dictated by the Christian Church, and Old Testament history furnished the main subjects. It was not forgotten, however, that classical drama had existed and an exception, a most remarkable

writer of this time, was a nun, Roswitha, who wrote six comedies imitating a Latin writer. A new type of drama was introduced in the fifteenth century called interludes, which were short dramas of a farcical nature intended to be given in the pauses of great banquets and were often performed in the halls or courtyards of large houses throughout the country. Soon the schools took up the drama and students of Oxford and Cambridge gave short interludes for their own amusement.

The coming of the renaissance found the actors using historical and legendary plots. Drama became so prominent that theatres were built in London. The first of these, built by Burbage, was an open air theatre in the form of a square with stalls for the nobles. Very little scenery was used, a good deal being left to the imagination of the audience. Queen Elizabeth surrounded herself with actors from Oxford and Cambridge and school children were also brought to perform before her. In her reign the great genius Shakespeare became evident as he produced play after play in London.

Tragedy in the latter half of the seventeenth century always ended with a crisis and if it had other interests in it beside that of conflict it was called tragico-comic. Comedy tried to show experiences of life that the audience knew to be true. Musical interludes were also popular. The French at this time introduced a change of scene by drawing back a curtain, folding screens were painted to represent doors and walls. Even some had trees and sky, temples and columns painted on them, and the stages were lighted with lanterns instead of footlights, which came into use later on.

In the 18th century a democratic change took place in drama. The play was for the people and reflected the joys and sorrows of the ordinary man. The theatre began to use more elaborate stage effects and scenery and it was a little more realistic and lifelike. The players entered from doors at the sides, came up well to the front of the stage near the footlights which were now used. Their exits and entrances were made more quickly and arranged to keep the play going smoothly.

In the latter part of the 19th Century the setting on the stage became very realistic; if the scene is a room, perhaps a garden or another room opens off it, making it more homelike.

The Great War of the 20th century created a tendency in drama towards the melodramatic and symbolic in plays. The actors work with the intention of pleasing and amusing the audience. Rapid changes can be made in scenery by means of revolving stages on which three or four scenes can be substituted for one. Wonderful lighting effects are obtained by the skill of trained electricians. Plays are also written to appeal to cultivated and literary audiences. Much is being done in amateur Little Theatre movements to develop a national drama.

—Margaret Prior



Dramatic Executive

This year the excellent work of the Dramatic Society will be carried on by pupils in whom the school puts its trust most readily. They are all students who rate highly with their fellows and we are confident that they will work to the advantage of the Dramatic Club and distinguish themselves. Mr. Buck is their chairman and Marjorie Roulston is the President. Secretary, Paul Smith; Treasurer, Alice Der Stepanian; 5th Rep., Gordon Houghton; 4th Rep., Esther Ginsberg; 3rd Rep., Katheline Smith; 2nd Rep., D'Arcy Zurbrigg; 1st Rep., Walter Pope.

—Margaret Prior



Richard B. Harrison

On Tuesday morning, October 30, Mr. Richard B. Harrison, accompanied by Mayor Wenige, attended auditorium exercises at the Central Collegiate. He gave a very interesting talk on his former London days and school experiences here.

About fifty-four years ago, Mr. Harrison was a boy, attending the old Waterloo street school here. He won prizes in elocution. His London home was on Wellington street. From London he went to Windsor, where he worked at Walker's distillery. From Windsor Richard Harrison went to Detroit and became a bell-hop. After bell-hopping he was a waiter. Mr. Harrison was persuaded to study drama and he began classes at the Detroit Training School. In between classes he was porter at a department store. His next step was to form his own dramatic club, with which he has had great success.

Mr. Harrison's simple address was greatly applauded by everyone.

There were also some negro Spirituals sung by the "Whispering" trio. The trio included the Misses Wright, Burwell and Mickens. Their songs were enjoyed immensely.

The Student vice-president, Miss Anne Walден, gave a vote of thanks and the programme was brought to a conclusion by the singing of the school song.

—Joan Cogdon



Props

Last year the operetta and plays were greatly enhanced by the "props." Mr. Buck and his committee of helpers are to be commended for their splendid work. Many precious hours were spent by them in the drill hall making scenery. Great originality was displayed in the various sets and it must have required a great deal of patience, skill and hard work to get the desired results. The school appreciates the work done by this committee consisting of Gordon Houghton, Terry Ferris, Charles Seager, Ted Clugston, John Leach, John Henderson and D'Arcy Zurbrigg, under the very capable and efficient direction of Mr. Buck.

—Jack Morgan



"Spreading the News"

The play produced last spring by the Dramatic Society and presented in the auditorium of the Collegiate was unusually interesting and amusing. It was an Irish comedy entitled "Spreading the News," and was sponsored by the Literary Society. The actors were under the direction of Miss Roddick, and must have felt gratified by the splendid applause which they received from the audience.

The scene was laid in the market square of a small Irish town; an apple stand was in one corner of the square, and hay was sprinkled over the floor to add a touch of realism. "Red" Jack Smith (Peter Shuttleworth, who endured for several hours the ordeal of having his hair dyed henna for the occasion) had left his pitchfork in the square, and Bartley Fallon, a lugubrious, complaining man (Wilson Reason), offered to return it. The deaf apple woman, Mrs. Tarpey (Geraldine Hughes) noticed the overturned market basket of Bartley Fallon's wife (Betty Patterson) and she concluded that the two must have been quarreling, because she saw spilt sugar on the ground. When she heard that Bartley was following Jack Smith with the pitchfork she immediately thought he was taking drastic action to demolish "Red." In reality, he was only returning the implement. She, of course, began to spread her news, one person telling the next, until finally they had poor "Red" dead, and fairly buried. The whole tangle, however, was straightened out when "Red" himself made an appearance and declared he would knock down the first one to find his dead body.

This play, written by Lady Gregory, as a vehicle for the Abbey Theatre Players of Dublin, was a difficult piece for young amateurs. On the

whole, however, they handled themselves remarkably well. Laird Bovaird played the part of James Ryan, Stewart Miller the part of Tim Casey, and Charles Fisher that of Shawn Carly. Margaret Prior went out of type to play the catty housewife (Mrs. Tully), Paul Smith acted the role of a stolid policeman (Jo Muldoon), and Gerald Wyant the part of the magistrate, a pompous Britisher. Wilson Reason and Betty Patterson played their parts well, and the deaf actions of Geraldine Hughes were very good. All these admirably represented Irish village types.

Entertainment of this kind shows us that the life at L.C.C.I. is not entirely one of work, but that we have the opportunity to participate in many amusing and interesting activities.

—Catherine Liddy



The Value of Dramatics

Dramatics in our secondary schools is a field which is broadening and developing every year. Only a few years ago the production of real plays—not mere mock trials and poor imitations of senior plays—was almost entirely absent. Today the school curriculum requires that a certain number of plays be produced each year by the students. Why has dramatics come to the fore in so short a time and why is it being stressed more and more as a definite course?

The answer to this lies mainly in its value to the students. The average pupil is restricted by a single personality. He can understand and take part in only one or two phases of school life. With the introduction of dramatics all this is changed and each student can have the experience of playing all sorts of roles—villain, hero, comedienne, bandit and detective, cockney and Irishman and all the other varied parts.

When the plays to be enacted are carefully selected, they are of great literary value to the students. Such immortal dramas as Shakespeare's plays and others are among the finest works of literature. Dramatics was the first form of literature and is one of the best.

In taking part in the production of plays students receive experience in stage and managing technique, in obtaining lighting effects and in directing the plays themselves. The effect of working in co-operation with others, the mental stimulus of learning and analyzing lines—all these serve to develop a student and exercise his powers.

We at Central have at disposal a live and efficient Dramatic society which produces each year several plays.

Play the part assigned you in the play, or be an enthusiastic member of the audience. In either capacity, you are serving the interests of Dramatics.

—Mary Dampier

The Little Theatre Movement

Most of us when thinking of the Little Theatre movement consider it as one of the many things proceeding from modern times. Yet it is twenty years since Little Theatres started in Canada, and it is over twice that number of years since they first started in Europe. However, it is true that during the war they were practically all discontinued, only to be started again with new zeal and eagerness. One of the factors which aided in this was the prominence of the movies soon after the war, making it necessary for those interested in the drama of the legitimate stage to take some steps in preserving it.

Naturally, the first thing we wish to know when we hear of the Little Theatre movement is its object and purpose. Of course the original purpose of those who started the Little Theatres was to learn and practice the different phases of drama. The thing which especially distinguishes it, however, is its desire to experiment in different playwritings and in production. In connection with the latter the two factors of lighting and scenery are the most used. This experimental spirit is much easier to carry out in the Little Theatre because with an audience of about three hundred, for instance, an intimacy between the players and the audience is present, making it possible to introduce new and special types of plays and simply representative scenery, or, in some cases, a novel type of scenery. Another important factor of the Little Theatre is its non-commercialism. There are no actors to be paid and the scenery is very simple and made at home with the minimum of cost. The play is not given for the sake of the money which will be received but for the interest of both audience and players.

The Little Theatres have contributed a great deal to drama arts and it is expected that they will contribute even more in the future. Through them have been trained people who eventually went on the professional stage and some of them have even entered upon theatrical careers. A very important service rendered by the Little Theatre is that it is a medium for the hearing of new writers. One of the most important of the men who have made names for themselves through writing for the Little Theatre is Dunsany. Other authors whose plays have been made known through the Little Theatre are Mazo de la Roche, Duncan Campbell Scott, Marion Osborne, Merrill Denison, Stephen Leacock, and A. A. Milne.

The Little Theatre satisfies the long felt want of the production of one-act plays. Hitherto these could only be enjoyed by the reading of them, but now, thanks to Little Theatres, we are able to see them actually portrayed. In advocating less scenery the Little Theatre is doing another service for drama by centering the interest on the play itself and not so much on the scenery. In general the Little Theatre has greatly promoted the study of drama, and in Canada particularly, has promoted the study of native drama.

We in Canada are especially fortunate, because



"PIRATES"

just as the Little Theatre movement was beginning to take a real hold here, a tremendous impetus was given it by His Excellency the Governor-General. The active interest taken in the Drama Festivals by the various Little Theatre groups throughout Canada must have been very encouraging to Lord Bessborough and his committee in charge. Colonel H. C. Osborne, the honorary director of the Drama Festival of April, 1933, made the following statement concerning the entries received, which is valuable in showing the distribution groups throughout Canada. There were a large number of entries from the west, twelve from Toronto alone and the same number from the rest of Southern Ontario. There were four English and four French plays entered from Montreal and four French plays from the Eastern provinces. Such strides have been made by the Little Theatre movement in Canada since that time that these numbers would have to be increased considerably to represent the number there now are.

The best known Little Theatre in Canada is the Hart House Theatre of Toronto. It is connected with the University of Toronto and owns its own very complete theatre. One cannot think of the Hart House Theatre without thinking of Honourable Vincent Massey, who has done such very credible work in directing it. The Ottawa Drama League was one of the first Little Theatres to start in Canada which has survived. It began in 1913 with a membership of about fifty, and in 1927 had increased its number to fifteen hundred. The Vancouver Little Theatre started in 1921 and now owns a place of its own. The Winnipeg Community Players is another which has progressed so well that it has been able to buy an auditorium. In 1932 this group took a very important step in hiring Mr. and Mrs. Craig to direct them.

John Masefield wrote the following poem for the opening of a repertory theatre in Liverpool which is almost the same type of theatre as those about which we have been talking. I am going to take the liberty of quoting it here in connection with the Little Theatres of Canada.

*"So many Englishmen give wealth to build
The great museums with which our towns are filled,
Our millionaires compete with so much rage
That all things get endowed, except the stage.*

*Men will not spend, it seems, for that one art,
Which is life's inmost soul and passionate heart;
They count the theatre a place for fun,
Where men can laugh at nights when work is done.*

*If it were only that, 'twould be worth while
To subsidize a thing which makes men smile;
But it is more: it is that splendid thing,
A place where man's soul shakes triumphant wing".*

—Geraldine Hughes



Lights

The lighting equipment of the stage consists of two rows of headers, or lights above the stage, the footlights, and two spotlights. Colour screens were made for all the lights so that the proper colours were obtainable for every scene. Each row of headers has a dimmer. The foots and spots also have dimmers. By means of these each part of the lighting equipment can be brought in or dimmed out slowly or quickly as the case requires. In the Operetta last year the colour screens on the headers were changed between scenes. The colours on the foots were changed by members of the orchestra. It is necessary for the electrician to know the show just as well as the players themselves. Those on the lights last year were Jack Laughton, Charlie Seager and Jack Morgan.

—Jack Morgan



Not Quite Such a Goose

One evening in April a most delightful production was staged on behalf of the Boys' Athletic Association. This production, a masterpiece of comedy, was under the able direction of Miss Gilles and Mr. Webb. The characters were Beverley Brent, as the placid mother; Cam Taylor, as Albert, the woman-hater; Nora Waide as Sylvia, his sister; Lillian Hall as Sylvia's

[Continued on page 86



"NOT QUITE SUCH A GOOSE"

THE EDITORS' CONVENTION

ON November 16 and 17, 1934, the Ninth Annual Convention of High School Editors, sponsored by Sigma Phi, University of Toronto, was held in Convocation Hall. After a welcome and opening address the delegates broke up into groups under an instructor, to discuss the various phases of publishing a school magazine. In these group meetings many helpful suggestions and new ideas were exchanged and in this way we were able to learn what was going on in the other schools of the province. In the afternoon, after two very interesting talks on Advertising and Illustration, we visited Brigden's where many secrets of the engraving business were revealed to us.

The Banquet was held in Burwash Hall, where, after a fitting dinner, the prizes were awarded. The Star shield for the best magazine as a whole was won by the Kitchener-Waterloo

"Grumbler," with the "Lantern" of Sir Adam Beck C.I., London, second. The prize for the cover design went to the Western Technical and Vocational School, Toronto. The "Lantern" also won the "Varsity" prize for the best layout. First prize in the MacMillan short story contest was won by Arda Huddlestone, North Toronto Collegiate, but we are glad to know that Miss B. Patterson and Mr. R. Moore brought home the two honourable mention prizes in this division. We congratulate the winners and wish them every success for the coming year.

And now we wish to thank Sigma Phi, for the inspiration and splendid time which she afforded us, in an effort to create a wider interest in the "High School Magazine." Her work, we know, has not been done in vain!

—Editor



Left to right—back row to front row.

THE REVIEW STAFF

- 1—Peter Kerrigan, Dudley Thompson, John Moore, Mr. West, Jack Guthrie, Kingsley Vogan, Fred Hammerton.
- 2—Bette Inksater, Harriet Insell, Kitchener Hartmann, Mr. Hall, Miss McKee, Miss McCann, Miss Gilles, Marion McNaughton, Laird Bovaird, George Wherry, Mr. Maddeford.
- 3—Alex. Smith, Dorothy Phillips, Walter Shrives, Elizabeth Harvey, Nora Fetherstone, Albert Goldberg, Joan MacRae, Christine Bell, Charles McLeod, Evelyn Coughlin, George Schaeff.
- 4—Jean Tennent, Leslie Wheable, Frances Beal, Donald Prior, Bill Smith, Pauline Crouch, Stuart Spofford, Alice Der Stepanian, Megan McNaughton, Margaret Prior, Donald Miller.
- 5—(Front Row)—Geoffrey Miller, Betty Patterson, Jack Grainger, Helen Wong, Dou McCleannan. (Absent—Miss Morrison, Gerald Wyant.)

A Startling Discovery

Jack Winterbottom

Lower School Prize Story

ONE night, about two years ago, I was visiting my old aunt at her ancient castle in Cornwall. As she was very old-fashioned, she had retired early, leaving me to amuse myself till bed-time. Accordingly, I sat down in an easy chair before the fireplace, and began to read.

The old castle had quite a history, and the musty old volume which I was reading was an account of its checkered career. After reading for about an hour, I came to a part about some jewelry which was supposed to be hidden in the castle. It seemed that a distant ancestor of mine had occupied the castle some hundreds of years before, and that he had amassed a huge fortune. A few years after retiring from public life, he became somewhat deranged, and had shut himself and his treasure up in the castle. He disappeared not long afterwards however, and the folk round about concluded that he was dead. Neither his treasure nor his body were found.

As I read this story, I began to feel rather nervous and shaky. However, I was too interested to stop reading, so I read on far into the night. In fact, when I rose to go to my room, I was severely startled by the booming of the old grandfather clock striking twelve. I soon pulled myself together, and putting the book away, I started through the library which led to the staircase. The whole castle was in darkness and it was some time before I at last found what I thought was the door-knob, but which was really one of the decorations on the wall. As I turned this knob, I was dimly conscious that the supposed door opened with unusual ease. Thinking nothing of this, however, I proceeded through it, but had hardly taken five steps when—crash! I tripped over a hard object and went clattering to the bottom of a long stairway. The object over which

I had stumbled, had rolled down the stairs with me, and I was then tangled up in what appeared to be a lot of loose pieces of wood. On getting to my feet, I struck a match, and by its feeble glow I saw at my feet what looked like a pile of rods or poles. Taking a piece of paper from my pocket, I lighted it and looked more closely at the object at my feet. Suddenly I realized what it was and recoiled in horror from the gruesome object. It was a skeleton.

Like a shot I was on my feet and up the stairs. I rushed through the open door and reached the scullery at the rear of the old castle before my fears subsided. Here I stopped and, collecting my scattered wits, I went upstairs to my room and got my flashlight. I then wakened my aunt, and together we returned to the strange door. This time I saw that a panel in the wall was opened and closed by the knob on the wall, which I had turned. On reaching the bottom of the stair, we passed through a long corridor and came at last to a large room. Lighting up the wall of the room with my flashlight, we could see several large chests piled up against it. We went over to one of them and cautiously opened it. We were immediately struck dumb with amazement at the sight which met our eyes. The chests were filled to the brim with jewels!

Returning to our bedrooms, we attempted to get what sleep we could, which was very little, and next morning we summoned historical experts to the castle. They were taken to the treasure chamber, where they identified the jewels as my ancestor's treasure. They also identified the skeleton as that of my ancestor who had evidently been trapped in his own treasure-room. The jewels amounted to a huge fortune, which was sufficient to keep my aunt and me for the rest of our days.



To Beauty

*Oh ye assemblage of graces
That hypnotize the soul of man,
Ye properties which do command
The approbation of the senses
Conceal your charm; mask yourself;
Then, try to cast a spell of magic
Upon the heart of man
Your art is unavoidable,*

Virginia Inksater

*I do not disapprove of your influence
Your fatal lure is to be envied.
At a glance toward you, one experiences
A feeling of enchantment,
On perceiving further, you are examined,
And the gaze is enthralled with fascination;
So, resume your graceful art, charming one,
And may you profit by your infatuation!*



Dream Garden

Dream garden long forgotten,
Roses tangled, God-begotten

Tall trees lisping

Long pool sleeping

Dream garden waiting the
the Summer of the Earth

Listening, listening for a new

Rebirth

DEBATING AND ORATORY

.... Esther Ginsberg

"Philosophers were able to hear each other thinking all day long, or making speeches to each other and these were the pleasantest sounds they knew of."

—James Stephens.

W. O. S. S. A. DEBATES

CENTRAL COLLEGIATE has passed through a glorious 1933-34 Wossa debating year. Under the very capable coaching of Miss Wyatt and Miss Thomson Central has again distinguished herself in the Wossa circles.

The girls' debating team bestowed great honour upon Central by capturing the Woman's Club Shield. Not since 1924 has this highly sought after prize been presented to our school. Let us hope that we shall be seeing this prize often on the walls of our Library. The first debate was against Alma College. Helen Higgins and Alberta Letts represented us in Alma while Helen O'Neill and Elizabeth Harvey remained at home. This debate resulted in one win for Alma and one for Central. In the next debate with Sarnia, Central again scored a win and a loss. In Sarnia, Anne Walden and Isobel Younge upheld the affirmative while Beryl Shuttleworth and Marion McNaughton stayed at home. In the final and most important debate, Central had once more as her opponent Alma College. The debaters in the finals were: Away—Alberta Letts, Marion McNaughton. Home—Anne Walden, Helen Higgins. The topic of this debate concerned state medicine and free hospitalization. The strong arguments, enthusiastic and convincing manner of all the debaters held the interest of the large audience. Once more the result was a win for both Central and Alma. The outcome of the series was decided on points and Central won by the close margin of 12 points. Alma is to be congratulated on being such a close winner and honour is given to the brilliant team-work of the Girls' debating team.

The boys in their Wossa debating series were formidable contenders for the

trophy but lost out by a very small margin. The first debate with Sarnia resulted in a win and a loss. Bob Lackie and Fred Brown composed our team which scored a success in Sarnia. Al Goldberg and Frank Dowler held their own at home. In the next debate Bob Syrett and Sam Courtney supplied a win against Kitchener and John Hunt and Barry Hunt lost out at home. In the final debate with Chatham there were two losses but in one of these two debates the difference between a loss and a win was one point. Bill McLeod, Al Goldberg, John Hunt and Fred Brown were our representatives in this round. All credit is due to the entire team for their excellent showing in the Wossa Series.

This term two debates have been contested. In the first one, the girls debated with St. Thomas Collegiate. The subject concerned the effect of moving pictures on moral health. In St. Thomas, Christine Bell and Frances Ivison argued the demoralizing effect of movies and won their argument. At home Barbara Moriss and Esther Ginsberg were defeated by St. Thomas in trying to establish their argument. The boys' debate was against Kitchener. In this debate Central also had a success and a loss. Wilson Reason and Stewart Miller debated in Kitchener. Jim Orr and Leslie Wheable won at home. The subject was whether or not it would be advantageous to Canada and Newfoundland if Newfoundland joined the "Confederation." The best of success to this year's debating teams and may the best team win. (Dare we hope that Central's teams may be the best?).

ORATORY

Central's oratorical representatives, although not successful in the Wossa city contest, certainly acquitted themselves in an excellent manner. The final contestants were chosen by elimination contests. In selecting the winners to represent Central, impromptu speeches were in-

troduced for the first time. Helen Higgins was chosen as Senior Girls representative, her subject being—"Soviet Russia." Alberta Letts was runner-up. "Who is the patriot?" was Shirley Shoebottom's topic. Margaret McQueen was second in this Junior Girls' division. In the boys' contests, Kingsley Vogan was the Junior representative speaking on "The Careless Driver." Leslie Wheable was the second winner. Sam Courtney with the subject "The Canadian Senate", spoke for Central in the Senior boys division. Lorne Sparks was runner-up.

All these speakers are to be commended for their splendid oratory. The impromptu speeches both in the Central and Wossa contests were very well done. We must remind our speakers, however, not to make any mention of the school they are representing, in these unprepared talks. Our friendly rival, the Beck Collegiate, was indeed fortunate to capture three of the four prizes. Congratulations!

SCHOOL DEBATING

The rising popularity of the Debating Club has now made this society one of the more important organizations in the school. This club has made the school "debate conscious" as is shown by the large attendance at the meetings. Several interesting and humorous debates were sponsored by the club. Such subjects as "It is more expensive to bring up a boy to the age of 21 than it is to bring up a girl to the age of 21." "Resolved—That the speed laws of Ontario should be abolished"—were very keenly debated. Perhaps the most interesting meeting of the past year took the form of a mock trial which concerned a damage suit resulting from an accident in which injuries were received by a young woman in a motor car. After severe gruelling of the witnesses and when all evidence had been brought forward, the attorneys burst into oratorical brilliance and left their varied impressions upon the jury. The sum of \$1,086 was awarded to the young woman in order to console her for injuries which hindered her from playing the zither.

What with the excitement of the first year debating tournament and Wossa debating, the executive for this year was not elected until late in October. They hope to make up for lost time, however, and are planning two meetings this term—one a free for all debate on whether "experience from people or experience from books is more useful," and a mock trial. The executive for this year's debating club is: President, Bob Lackie; Secretary, Esther Ginsberg; Treasurer, Barbara Moriss; Leslie Wheable, David Kennedy.

Debating Tournament

This year a debating tournament has been announced in which all years will

{ *Continued on Page 93*



DEBATING EXECUTIVE

Esther Ginsberg, Miss Thomson, Barbara Morris, Daniel Kennedy
Leslie Wheable, Robert Lackie, Miss Wyatt.

AN APPRECIATION

On behalf of the students of this school the librarians would like to take this opportunity of thanking those members of the staff who have so kindly made contributions to the library. We are indebted for these to:

Books

Miss Wyatt	Miss Morrison	Miss Mac Kinnon
Miss McCann	Marion Ferguson	Mr. Buck
Miss Thomson	Katheryn Clark	Mr. West

Magazines

Mr. Miller	Mr. Nethercott
Mr. Gray	Miss Macpherson
Mr. Cameron	Miss Armstrong

◆ ◆ ◆

Algernon Chesterfield Contemplates Suicide Margaret Marks

A YOUNG chap of about seventeen might have been seen, one day, walking thoughtfully down the street, hands thrust deep in his pockets. Anyone of the town's inhabitants could have told you it was Algy Chesterfield.

Algy, his full name was Algernon Montague Archibald Chesterfield, it having been thrust upon him by a doting mother, had recently, in fact just a few moments ago, proposed to a certain beauteous damsel, Gwendolyn Arbuthnot by name, several years his senior. Much to his surprise and indignation, she had burst out laughing. Algy was thunderstruck. It had never occurred to him that his suit might be rejected. He left hurriedly, despair weighed him down. In crossing the road a motor lorry nearly ran over him. The driver cursed him heartily, but Algy did not care. He rather wished that it had hit him, then Gwen would have realized what she had lost. He pictured her bending weeping—over his mangled body, wringing her hands in heart-broken despair. This picture was rather pleasing than otherwise and cheered him considerably. A cynical smile played around his lips. Yes, sir, if he were to die she would be sorry, she would wish she had not laughed at him, and turned him down. Suddenly,



She burst out laughing

a daring thought rose in his mind: supposing, just supposing, he were to commit suicide. In his mind's eye he saw himself lying cold and lifeless, again Gwen bent over him, sobbing wildly, begging his forgiveness. A flood of self-pity engulfed him at the thought, a lump arose in his throat, but his determination strengthened, and he began to plan how best to go about it. He had it, the very thing—his father's old service revolver! He quickened his pace, and soon reached home.

He let himself in quietly and slipped upstairs to his father's room unobserved. Going to the bureau, he searched through the drawers and discovered the gun under a pile of shirts. He ascertained that it was loaded, and then went softly to his room. He locked the door, and leaned against it for a moment, pale and shaken. Finally, he braced himself, and crossed over to his desk, where, having sat down, he proceeded to compose a farewell note. He wrote, and destroyed five, before he could decide on the exact wording. He read it over with evident satisfaction; its pathetic tone brought tears to his eyes as he thought of the grief which would be attendant on his tragic demise. He picked up the gun and placed it against his temple in the best approved cinema fashion, his face a stony mask; then, he took it down again. Before departing this earth, he would look upon it once more. He crossed to the window, a bitter smile hovering on his lips, he looked out and there, cruel fate! was Gwendolyn Arbuthnot out driving with the Smith boy. As they drove by, she looked right up at his window and laughed. That she could not possibly have seen him did not matter, she was driving with Tommy Smith and enjoying it, right after breaking his heart, and that was enough for him.

All thought of suicide was dismissed, and the relief on his face was apparent. She was not worth it, he would show just how much he felt her refusal. He would call on Mabel Jones and take her out. She was a lot prettier than Gwen anyway, and would probably make a better wife. Yes, sir, that's what he would do, and maybe he might even go to work; the thought was appalling, but he faced it bravely. His father could get him a job in his office, goodness knows dad had complained enough about his idling his time away all summer. A glow of well-being surrounded him as he descended the stairs to 'phone Mabel Jones.



L. C. C. I. COMMITTEES, 1934-35

The Counterfeit Hero

Anne Walden

THROUGHOUT the room the radiant beams cast by the crackling fire endeavour to dispel the early autumn gloom. The books lining the shelves, the soft thick carpet, the deep arm-chairs and, above all, the massive desk cluttered with papers, pens and more books, give evidence that this is a study, a man's room. Wreaths of silvery white smoke curling lazily upward from the depth of one chair reveal the presence of the owner. Huddled in the chair as he is, one sees at a glance that he is a tall, well-proportioned man, whose rugged face with its square jaw and high forehead give the impression of daring and trustworthiness. He mutters to himself in a low voice, while a paper lies limply in his hands.

"Another exposure! Another impersonator shown up! Another 'counterfeit hero!' Poor beggar! Perhaps he was the victim of circumstances! I wonder what would be said if I should tell people I was not Martin Beatty but his cousin! Probably no one would believe me. I tried to convince people five years ago. Even his wife—my wife now, Lorna, was sure I was Martin—but now sometimes I wonder—Lorna looks at me queerly sometimes—"

He breaks off as the door opens, admitting a woman. She crosses the room with firm graceful steps, and stands before the man. The light from the fire reveals unexpected strands of gold in her chestnut hair, and outlines in shadows the vivid beauty of her lovely face. "Martin, we are not going to the Hughes on Friday—the stock-market, you know. Marsha says they are practically wiped out, and are going to Canada to her parents. Poor things! I wonder if there is something you

could do—that is if we are all right." And a mischievous, yet sympathetic, smile parts her lips. An answering smile comes from the man, but a sombre light lingers in the depths of his eyes, as he answers, "I'll see what can be done—not much I'm afraid—he was pretty deep in the mire. Yes, we are perfectly safe—at least right now."

* * * * *

The scene shifts to a busy office in the downtown section of a large city. We find Martin seated before a desk similar to the one in the quiet study at home. Two months have passed, and the brilliant beauty of the "painted" leaves has fled, leaving only bare black branches, desolate and drear for want of fresh white snow.

"Miss Jarvis, please get the latest report on Morton's Class A and Class A preferred."

"Yes, Mr. Beatty. Mr. Grey asks if you will please attend the service in memory of those who died in the explosion that you saved—"

"No! Tell him I'm too busy—It's rot! Having a service for the dead. Perhaps, if they had been given more service when they were alive it wouldn't have happened.—Tell him no!"

"Yes, sir. I am sorry I mentioned it."

The secretary leaves and the man, throwing his pen down with a vicious thrust, crosses to the window. "That damn explosion! Why Martin had to be killed and why I had to be found, wandering around in the fog, covered with ashes—! Some fool said he'd seen me hauling out people—probably Martin—just like a thing he'd do! And no one would believe I wasn't Martin—so here I am running his business, and what a business—ye

[Continued on page 92]

L. C. C. I. COMMITTEES 1934 - 35

From Back to Front Rows.
From Left to Right.

1—DRAMATIC SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

D'Arcy Zurbrigg, Kathleen Smith, Esther Ginsberg, Walter Pope.
Mr. Carr, Mr. Buck.
Alice Der Stepanian, Paul Smith, Marjory Roulston.
Absent—Miss Roddick, Miss Edge, Gordon Houghton.

2—FIFTH YEAR EXECUTIVE

Walter Shrives, Miss Wiancko, Mr. Shales, Miss Macpherson, Mr. Gray, Mr. Hall.
Frances Copeland, Evelyn Coughlin, Tom McLean, Jack Smith, Marion Bees.
Charles Seager, Bette Inksater, George Wong.
Absent—Miss Morrison.

3—GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE

Marion Keene, Ann Little, Aldean Johnston.
Betty Birch, Marion Bees, Bette Inksater.
Miss McCormick, Miss Armstrong, Miss Henderson, Marjorie Madge, Betty Scott, Jean Crawford, Carol Phelps, Jessie Schaeff, Hilaire Little, Isobel Nevin.

4—LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

Shirley Shoebottom, Frances Copeland, Megan McNaughton.
Mr. Affleck, Miss Wyatt, Mr. Buck, Shirley Read, Bonnie Sharpe, Mr. Carr.
Bill Syrett, Frances Ivison, Frances Beal, Elizabeth Harvey, Stewart Miller, Walter Shrives, Bob Tamblyn.
Absent—Gerald Wyant.

5—BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE

Mr. Anderson, Mr. Shales, Geoffrey Miller, Mr. Entwistle.
Kingsley Vogan, Laird Bovaird, Jim O'Neil.
Clifford Sharpe, Wilfred Brown, Jack Bower, Worth Chisholm, Charles Seager, Blake Hughes.
Russel Weir, George Wong.
Absent—Jack Fraser.

6—SECOND YEAR EXECUTIVE

Miss Wyatt, Miss Thomson, Miss McKee, Bob Tamblyn.
Mr. Carr.
Geoffrey Miller, Shirley Read, Jean Crawford, Isobel Nevin, Margaret MacQueen, Bob Gunton, Ed Houghton, Mr. Anderson.
Absent—Miss Henderson, Mr. McCallum.

7—FIRST YEAR EXECUTIVE

Mr. West, Miss Armstrong, Miss O'Neil, Mr. Maddeford.
Miss MacKinnon, Mr. Webb.
Blake Hughes, Marjorie Madge, Megan McNaughton, Betty Scott, Bill Squires, Jocelyn Little, Bill Watson, Bill Syrett, Jim O'Neil.

8—FOURTH YEAR EXECUTIVE

Aldean Johnston, Miss McCann, Mr. Buck, Mr. Affleck, Mr. Adamson.
Miss Gilles, Laird Bovaird.
Bonnie Sharpe, Christine Bell, Jim Bell, Jack Morgan, Marion Keene.
Absent—Mr. Entwistle, Gerald Wyant, Jack Fraser.

9—THIRD YEAR EXECUTIVE

Mr. Bluett, Mr. Liebner, Mr. Cameron, Betty Birch, Miss McCormick.
Miss Roddick, Ann Little, Mr. Nethercott, Worth Chisholm.
Jack Bower, Stewart Miller, John Moore, Dorothy Mark, Bob Clarke, Frances Ivison.



Centralites at Temagami

Members of our Party—Mr. David Carr, Bradley Walker
George Schaeff, Walter Shives, Jack Morgan
Peter Shuttleworth

HERE it lay before us—glittering in the open sunshine, reflecting the bluest sky imaginable, Lake Temagami. There was a thrill that always comes upon the materialization of a long-awaited event, and now our hopes and vivid expectations were unfolding and were coming true, even more beautifully than we had expected.

That night was one I shall not easily forget. Perhaps it was the excitement of "the first night out" or it might have been the beauty of the northern lights, which held us spell-bound while they rose, shone, and faded. Their beauty was but momentary. Every second presented a new arrangement of illumination, while all this performance was reflected into the deep, silent majestic lake.

After several days' paddling we reached one of the gems of the Temagami lakes, Red Squirrel. There we pitched our camp on the northern shore, beneath huge pines, which seemed to murmur and discuss with one another the forest's visitors. We could not have found a better place in which to rest, for not far off we found an excellent place for swimming, and the fish were quite abundant. It was at this camp that Mr. Carr secured some excellent photographs which will be fixed memories of that heavenly spot.

We were quite aware of the fact that the weather was very changeable on Temagami, but not sufficiently familiar to prevent what was about to happen. We had just started our evening meal when someone noticed that the sky had suddenly become overcast. Someone else drew our attention to a strange veil of mist which hid the distant hills. In a few moments a wind gathered strength to blow our plates and utensils some distance into the woods. The little lake started to heave and roll, and the large waves crashed on shore with an angry roar. In a few seconds the rain fell so heavily that our fire was snuffed out. The water ran in little rivulets down the hills and into our tents. The next sound we heard was someone shrieking "Let me in, for heaven's sake!" Between his convulsions of laughter we learned from Bradley that his and George's tent had been blown down—swept from over their unsuspecting bodies! George had sought shelter in the third tent while Brad had come to us. Inside of fifteen minutes, it was all over, the sun came out and the wind died as quickly as it had risen.

We were now starting on a circle trip known as the "Upper Okabika." We found ourselves soon gliding down a narrow and swift stream, made all the more hazardous by submerged logs and trunks of trees which had toppled into it. Later, we were delighted to come to its mouth and enter the upper end of Lake Okabika, which soon proved itself to be as picturesque and interesting as its name.

We made a camp on a point which possessed a unique feature, for Temagami—a beach. Also on the point we found that an excellent camp site had been prepared by forest rangers, whose unoccupied cabin we discovered a short distance inland. Life was so enjoyable at this camp that nobody wanted to leave the next morning, which would have been the usual procedure. Therefore, we stayed for four days which were filled with interesting adventures, one of which was finding at the top of a high hill, a forest ranger's tower, from which we saw our course for a good morning's paddle. Fish were even more abundant here than on Red Squirrel.

As food supplies were reaching a "new low," it was once more necessary to set out, this time towards home.

In several days we were back in Temagami village, where we found our old camp site just as we had left it. The last day dawned. Yes, the holiday was really over, but the memories of early morning plunges, of campfires at night, and sleeping under the blue sky could not be removed from my mind. The memory of these was my only consolation.

—Peter Shuttleworth

Morton the Great

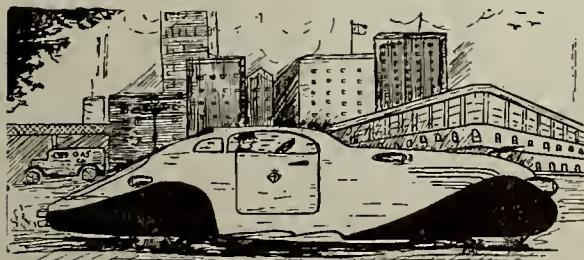
IT must have been some time in May that I first saw him, driving along the Outer Drive on his way to the Loop, Chicago's business section. He was at the wheel of his long, black Deusenberg with his chauffeur sitting beside him. I observed the car particularly, because I had gazed longingly at it through the show windows, a few weeks before, with all the breathless envy of the owner of a nineteen-thirty-two Chevrolet. As he waited for the lights to change, I had a fleeting glimpse of him. He was quite a powerful man, clean-shaven, well-dressed, and rather handsome in a florid sort of way. But what I noticed mostly about him was his mouth. It had a hard, cruel twist to it, as if he had obtained all he had by means of hard work and ruthless cunning. Somehow, it was not a mouth which one could easily forget, and, when I saw him again in very different circumstances, I recognized him immediately.

* * * * *

Two years later I was visiting a friend of mine at his modest summer cottage in the Magnetawan. The afternoon after I arrived I had taken a canoe, and was drifting slowly along the lake shore, when I noticed a large, weather-beaten wharf with three or four very pretentious boat-houses, which were, nevertheless, badly in need of paint. The path, which apparently led up to the house, was grown over with grass and bracken. The place was quite evidently deserted.

Overcome by curiosity, I tied up my canoe and followed the winding path up the stone steps which led to the house. It was a huge, rambling place made entirely of stone. Through the broken shutters I could see that it was beautifully furnished, equipped with electricity, and plumbing, hardwood floors, Persian rugs, and rich hangings. I had noticed that the boathouse contained every kind of craft, ranging from high-powered launches to dinghys and canoes.

That night, as we sat before the fire, I asked my friend about the place I had discovered. He laughed a little cynically, "Oh, it's just the same



He was at the wheel of his long Deusenberg
—Evelyn Coughlin

Elizabeth Harvey

old story. Man named Morton owns it. You remember the great Chicago financier? Made scads of money in 'twenty-eight and 'nine, and then when the crash came he lost every nickel. He used to come up here as a sort of retreat, to shoot, fish, and rest. I saw him only twice. I believe he's something of a fanatic. This seems to be the only thing he had, which the bank didn't seize".

"What's he doing now?"

"I don't know. It's a wonder he didn't commit suicide like the rest of them. They say his wife left him as soon as the market began to slide, and then his two daughters deserted him. Poor fellow, it would be pretty awful to rise to the top right from the gutter and then to lose everything."

I had heard this same type of story so often lately that I was losing interest. I asked idly, "What's he look like?"

"I've got a newspaper clipping around here somewhere, if I can only find it. His picture is beside the article. Oh, here it is! Hard looking brute, isn't he?"

The picture was slightly blurred, as all newspaper clippings are, but I recognized the man at a glance. It was the same man that I had seen two years before, driving the Deusenberg. For some reason or other, I refrained from telling my friend, and changed the subject hastily.

The next morning, some strange fascination that the house next door held for me, led me to retrace my steps of the day before. As I rounded the curve in the path I noticed smoke issuing from the chimney. I wondered if a tramp could have broken in, and determined to investigate. The door opened in answer to my knock, and a tall, gaunt, dirty and ragged tramp with a three-days' growth of beard, appeared. His eyes were dark, with a hunted, wild look about them. His cheeks were pallid, and his cheek bones seemed to stand out in sharp relief, but his mouth was just the same. It had the same cruel, cynical twist to it, as if he had suffered and made others suffer.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Morton, I beg your pardon. I thought perhaps some tramp had—"

The man bowed politely, and motioned me inside.

"Quite all right, my dear sir. I appreciate your interest. Won't you come in? Sorry, I can't offer you any breakfast. There isn't anything in the house. Haven't had anything myself for two days." He laughed hysterically. "Funny, isn't it? The great J. M. Morton, Chicago financier,

[Continued on page 85]

REMEMBRANCE

ON Nov. 9th the staff and students of Central paid a most impressive tribute to those former students who have made the supreme sacrifice during the Great War. Rev. J. E. Hughson, our guest speaker, offered the opening prayer which was followed by the singing of the hymn "O God, Our Help in Ages Past." Mr. Hughson then delivered a stirring appeal for peace. He emphasized the fact that the soldiers in the last war did not rejoice when the Armistice was signed, because they had won, but because peace had

EVELYN COUGHLIN

settled over the world once more. The appropriate selection, "In Flanders' Fields," was sung by Mr. Leon Adams, after which followed the reading of the roll of honour by Mr. Gray. The "Last Post" was sounded and after a two-minute silence, the "Reveille" followed. Then to the strains of the "Recessional" the visitors, staff and students, filed past the tablet to pay a last note of respect to the fallen. The ceremony was carried out in perfect reverence, a fitting remembrance of "Our Honoured Dead."



A Moonlit Scene

Bill Wyatt

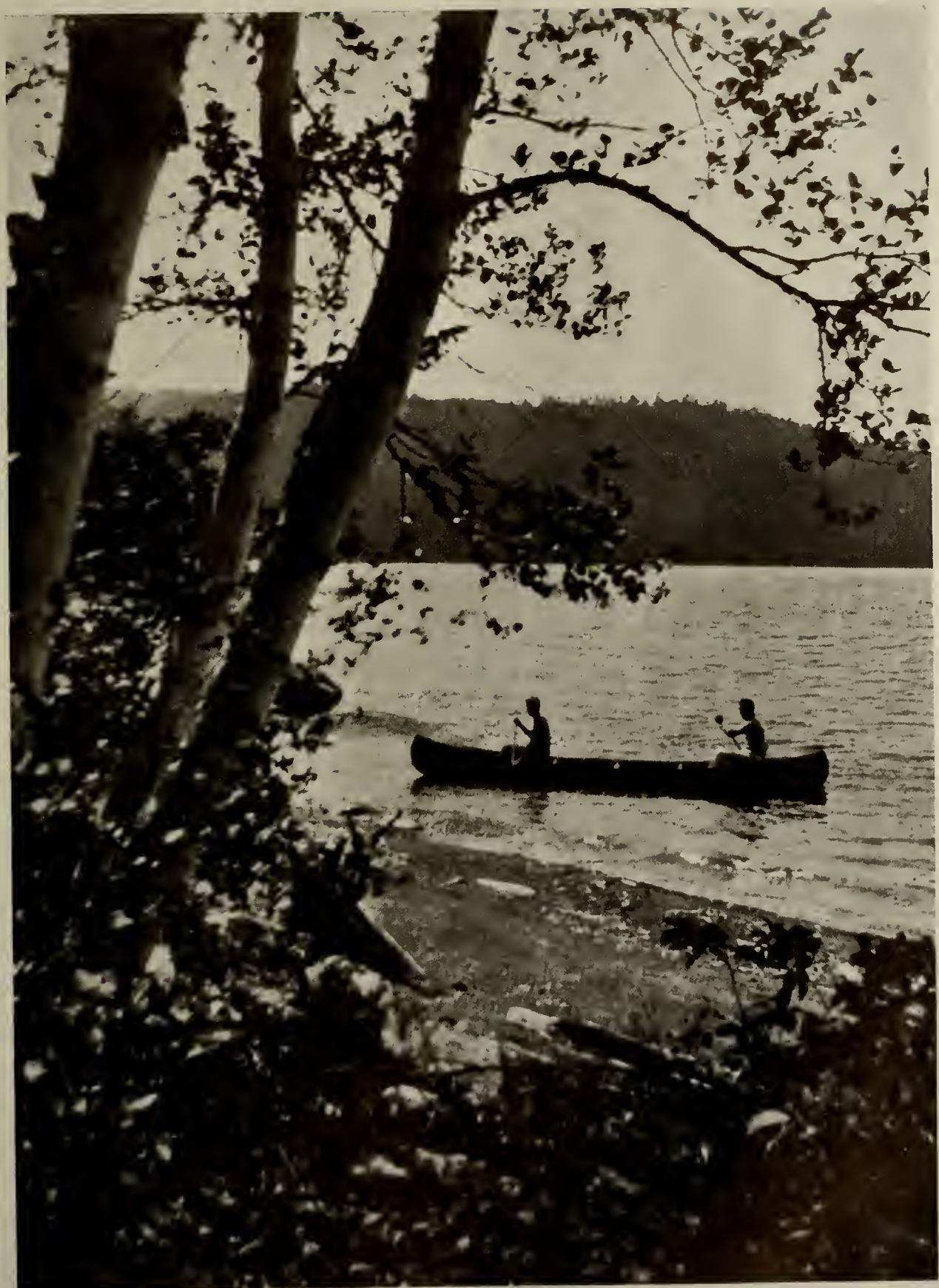
*The waters darkened with mystic night,
And a few stray moonbeams' silvery light;
The waters danced and leaped for joy,
And dashed against an anchor buoy.*

*A canoe came wandering in and out,
And followed all the shore about;
A maiden's arms show'd gleaming white,
A paddle flashed in the silvery light.*

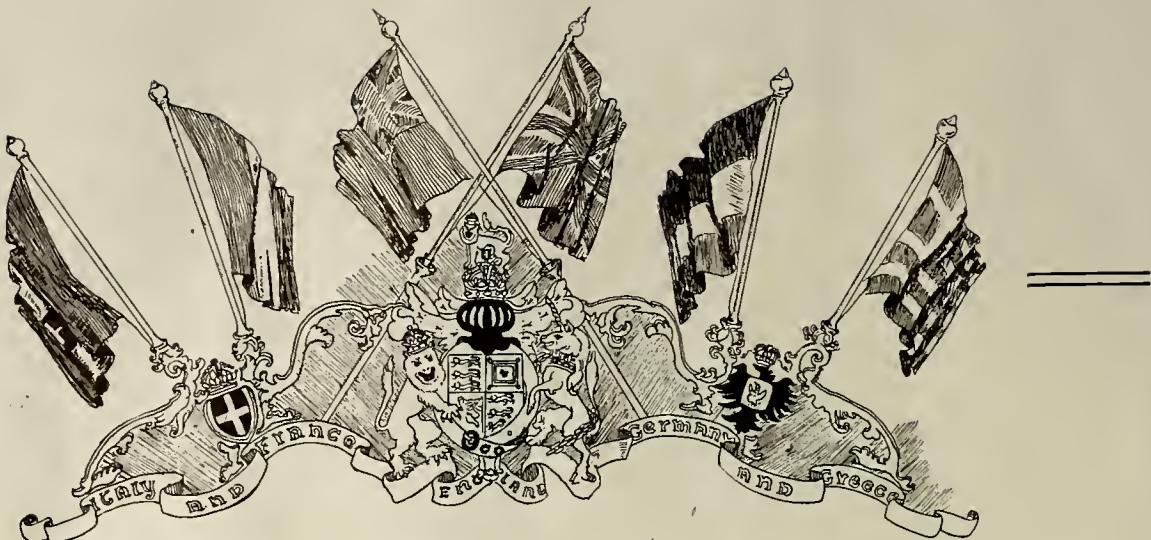
EXCHANGE - - -

Editors—Albert Goldberg and Alex. Smith

1. "Red and Gray"	Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan	14. "The Northland Echo"	North Bay C. I., North Bay
2. "The Parkdalian"	Parkdale Collegiate Institute, Toronto	15. "Porcupine Quill"	Timmins H. and V. School, Timmins
3. "The Grumbler"	Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate and Vocational School	16. "Argosy"	Central High and Commerce, Hamilton
4. "The Collegian". St. Thomas C. I., St. Thomas		17. "Northern Star"	St. Joseph's Academy, North Bay
5. "Screech Owl"	Bowmanville High School	18. "Times"	K.C.V.I., Kingston
6. "Westward Ho"	Western Tech and Commercial High, Toronto	19. "Greenoch H.S. Magazine"	Greenoch High School, Scotland
7. "Collegian"	Stratford C. I., Stratford	20. "Tatler"	Lindsay C. I., Lindsay
8. "Lux Glebana"	Glebe C. I., Ottawa	21. "Tecalogue"	L. T. and C. H. S., London
9. "Howler"	North Toronto Collegiate, Toronto	22. "The Tatler"	Tillsonburg High School, Tillsonburg
10. "Oakwood Oracle"	Oakwood C. I., Oakwood	23. "The O.A.C. Review"	O.A.C. College, Guelph
11. "The Echoes"	Peterborough Collegiate and Vocational School	24. "Christ College Register"	Christ College, New Zealand
12. "Torch"	Town of Mount Royal High School, Quebec	25. "Campbellian"	Campbell, Belfast
13. "Auditorium"	Owen Sound C. V. I., Owen Sound	26. "K"	Kelvin Technical H. S., Kelvin
		27. "The Year Book"	Western Canada High School



LAKE TEMAGAMI



« « BEYOND THE SEAS » »

Editors:

Alice Der Stepanian

Betty Patterson

Elizabeth Harvey

Nora Fetherstone

Kitchener Hartmann

Editorial

*"Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades,
For ever and for ever when I move."*

THIS year we are inaugurating quite a drastic change in our Language Division. No longer are there three different sections—one in French, one in German, and one in Latin. They have been combined into one containing much of interest concerning the countries whose languages are studied in school. In this way we hope to create a keener interest in the Old World, whose culture has been handed down from generation to generation.

Alice Der Stepanian

England

Editor—*Betty Patterson*

Liverpool Cathedral

The first important landmark that catches the eye of the traveller to England as the liner sails up the Mersey to Liverpool is the

Royal Liver Building which towers above all other buildings on the waterfront. But this is not the most important structure in smoky Liverpool. Wonderful to relate, it is a new cathedral.

Twenty-eight years ago King Edward laid the corner stone of this cathedral, the mightiest of its kind since the middle ages. When complete it will be the largest church in the world, with the exception of St. Peter's, Rome. Built on a hill, the sturdy red sandstone edifice dominates the city. The architect, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, was twenty-one when his plan was accepted. He may never see it completed, as it will probably take another fifty years to finish. What an amazing thing it is that a cathedral of such exquisite beauty should be born of an industrial age through the horror of the World War and the disaster of the present day depression.

The most original feature of this modern church seems to be the Lady Chapel, the windows of which commemorate the twenty-one most famous women of history. For example, Queen Victoria and all noble queens, Grace Darling and all courageous maidens, Elizabeth Browning and all who have seen the infinite in things, Christina Rossetti and all sweet singers. This is so different from the saints, who are usually shown on church windows.

Unfortunately the thousands of travellers from all parts of the world who pass through Liverpool every day do not see this building, one of the most notable sights of England.

—*Bill Buchanan*

□□

A Visit to the King's Garden Party in London, England

In a line of limousines and taxis, we drove up the Mall and past the beautiful Queen Victoria Monument to the guarded entrance of Buckingham Palace, the London residence of King George and Queen Mary, to be guests at the annual garden party. The guests included Indian princes and celebrities and His Majesty's representatives from all over the British Empire. It was a thrilling experience for me to enter the great hall, carpeted in crimson, with my parents, and register my name in the guest book, and then to go out on the portico and see the most prominent of the guests being presented to Their Majesties, under a lovely marquee. Then we wandered out into the lovely grounds of the Palace, which are just like a miniature park, with all the lovely flowers imaginable, and though there were supposed to be almost four thousand guests present, the grounds were not in the least crowded.

Litt'e Princess Elizabeth was

there with her mother, the Duchess of York, and seemed to be having a lovely time, despite the fact that she was kept busy trying to keep her hat on. It happened to be a windy day instead of the usual rainy days which the English people never seem to mind in the least. The Prince of Wales was there too, and chatted with the guests as he made his way among them. The King and Queen and the Royal party were served tea under a separate marquee, and the gold service, which we have all heard so much about, was used. The other guests wandered up to the various marquees when they chose for tea. If you are curious to know what was served . . . well, there were raspberries with cream and all sorts of little cakes and everything else that goes to make a tea party. Many beautiful dresses were worn by the ladies.

—Katharine Kingsmill

□□

Pevensey Castle

Pevensey Castle, a ruined Norman fortress in Sussex, England, was until recently a mass of crumbling walls, piles of earth and debris, covered with ivy or brambles. The Office of Work has cleared away the brambles and ivy, and is strengthening the remaining walls, cementing them stone by stone. Two Norman

dungeons, in perfect preservation, one a bottle shaped vault with only a hole in the top, have been uncovered, as well as the lower rooms of several towers.

The outer walls, twelve feet thick, are of late Roman architecture, and enclose an area of almost ten acres. They still remain standing, in part, to a height of twenty-seven feet.

The castle itself was originally built by Robert, half-brother of William the Conqueror, and was erected within the Roman wall. The site of the castle was the landing place of the Conqueror, and it is believed by some to be the spot at which Caesar landed. It boasts of an enormous keep, originally possibly eighty feet high, and four round towers. Of these only the shell and the ground floors remain, with stone steps leading down to them. The rooms had fireplaces and were lighted by narrow slits. Pevensey Castle remains as a link with the past, a reminder of the once mighty Roman Empire.

—R. Clemance

□□

The Walls of Canterbury

Among the half-dozen or more English towns which still possess remnants of their old mural defences, Canterbury holds an eminent position. Within its walls, in

spite of rail'ways and motors and the devastating effect of twentieth century advertising, there still hovers, in a hundred nooks and byways, the atmosphere of Elizabethan and pre-Reformation England.

The wall itself is by no means complete—in fact, on the west side it has completely disappeared. From the East Station to the site of the old Riding Gate, there extends a very well preserved section of this wall, with semicircular towers jutting up at frequent intervals.

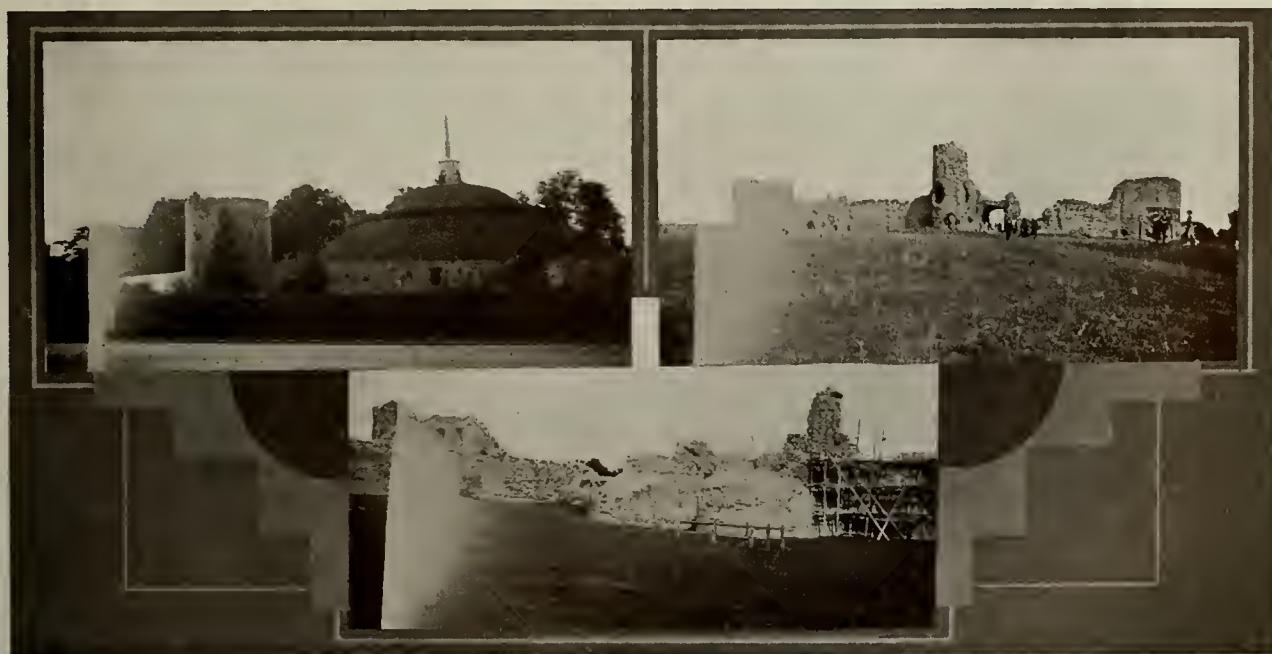
There were originally about seven or eight gates, but of this number one only—the West Gate—has been saved. Until well into the last century, all of these gates were left standing; but one by one these ornaments were destroyed by the city until only one was left. And indeed, in 1850, even this was nearly wantonly sacrificed to facilitate the entry of a visiting circus caravan. Such an incident as this cannot fail but throw into startling clearness the lack of appreciation possessed by the controllers of the city for its historic landmarks.

—Kingsley Vogan

□□

A Famous Clock

Wells Cathedral has one of the most fascinating clocks in England. This clock, which was in



Pevensey Castle and the Walls of Canterbury

vented by a Glastonbury monk called Peter Lightfoot, is six hundred years old. As well as indicating the time this interesting clock also tells the phases of the moon and the position of the planets. To the left of the clock, high up on the wall, sits a little wooden man, dressed in the costume of Charles I's time. He is called Jack Blandiver. As the hour is reached, he kicks out his legs and brings his heels against two bells. From within the black cave above the dial is heard a whirring sound and four mounted knights appear, two galloping to the right and two to the left. Each time they go around one is knocked off his horse by his opponent's sword. When they are all knocked off the tournament comes to a standstill.

—Barbara Peters

□□

Bow Church

“‘I do not know’ says the great Bell of Bow.”

In Cheapside, old London, is Bow Church, in which rings the great Bell of Bow, and all those and only those born within the sound of its ringing are true Cockneys.

Although always known as Bow Church, its correct name is St. Mary le Bow. The edifice which now stands was built by Sir Christopher Wren, architect of fifty-two other London churches, after the great fire had destroyed all but the arches on which the former building had been constructed.

The chief points of interest of Bow Church are the crypt, the bell, and a golden dragon topping the spire. In the crypt, half of which is sealed up, there are here and there some Roman tiles. The famous bell weighs fifty-three hundred-weight and twenty-two pounds, while the golden dragon, which serves as a weathervane, is two hundred and twenty-one and a half feet above the pavement.

For many years children have played “Oranges and Lemons” within the sound of Bow Bells and they probably will for many years more.

—Betty Patterson

OLD ENGLISH TOASTS

I. “*May the tears of sympathy crystallize as they fall, and be worn as pearls and gems upon the bosoms of those for whom they are shed.*”

II. *When you are going up the hill of Prosperity, may you never meet a friend.*

III. *May the enemies of harmony swim down the river Thames like a brick.*

□□

Madame Tussaud's Waxworks

At Madame Tussaud's are gathered together the most famous collection of wax figures in the world. In the exhibition in London, models of all the world's celebrities, from royalty downward, are assembled.

The exhibition is divided into four parts: the Grand Hall, the Hall of Tableaux, the Hall of Kings, and the Chamber of Horrors.

In the Grand Hall, there are models of the Royal Family, statesmen, famous soldiers, political and literary men, all of which are carefully arranged.

The Hall of Tableaux contains many historical settings. An example is the tableau of King John, sitting in his tent at Runnymede, presenting the Charter to the barons. Napoleon's cloak and the original guillotine knife are also on display in this division. There is an altogether different side to the Hall of Tableaux. It is composed of famous figures of music, stage, screen and sports, such as George Arliss, Col. Lindbergh, Bobby Jones and Fred Perry.

Kings and Queens of all the Houses in English history are shown in the Hall of Kings. One of the finest is that of Queen Victoria.

The most interesting feature of the Chamber of Horrors is probably the Guillotine portraying the executioners and the victim.

The clothing on all these wax figures is, in the majority of cases, the original dress once worn by the person portrayed.

Standing around these Halls are wax policemen, and so lifelike are

they that many visitors to the Exhibition go up to them and ask a question, only to be fooled.

—Joan Cogdon

□□

English Hedgerows

In travelling across Canada the landscape, in one particular, is exactly the same. Fences, either snake, rail or barbwire, bound everything—fields, woods, roads and even gardens. But, taking a similar journey in England, the countryside in this respect is much more interesting. In the first place there are the famous and unique “hedgerows,” and second, the hedges in no two counties are the same.

In Hereford they grow high, consisting of nut bushes and vines, interspersed with hawthorn trees; driving down the country lanes one can never see out across the fields, much to the annoyance of American visitors. In Gloucester, almost next door, much lower hedges are the rule, with occasional grey stone walls.

In Cornwall and Devon, the open moors and resulting terrific winds are very detrimental to ornamental hedges, and in consequence there are miles of tumbling moss and bramble-grown walls, horrible obstacles in a cross country walk. Another place for numerous stone walls is South Devon, where they are higher, and so overgrown that, looking from a distance, one can hardly see the stone foundations.

However, much prettier than these are the hedges of Dorset, in the South. Dorset is a contrast to bleak, rough Devon and Cornwall, and has never quite awakened, but likes to dream on the sunniest side of England between hedges of wild roses.

Here is a very old and famous recipe:

Take a moss grown bank, many wild flowers, half a dozen rabbits, a red squirrel, several nut-bushes, and a blackberry bramble. Arrange in order and top with a multitude of wild dog-roses.

The Result?—A Dorset Hedge.

—Suzanne Butler

An Italian Market

On entering an Italian market, you would think you were in some fair grounds. The voices of various sellers form a conglomeration of unmusical sounds. Here, a huge woman stands behind her display of oysters and lobsters which perfume the market for some distance. Her projecting chest is covered with numberless strings of beads ranged in graduated sizes. Her sleeves rolled up to the elbow, she stirs the lobsters constantly as she calls out in a most raucous voice. In order to persuade the half-inclined buyer, she cracks the shells open by hitting two oyster shells together and invites the customer to taste them. On the latter's refusal, she promptly swallows them one after the other and drinks the juice with a backward swing of the head. Then, the proof of the delightful taste is expressed on her fleshy, red cheeks as she smacks her lips in contentment, and asserts that they are simply delicious!

Often you may see a young woman carrying a large basket of eggs on her head. The Italians are experts in walking along with a pot or jug nicely balanced and without other aid than at times a small pad. Colour, variety of colour is very noticeable in a market. The peasants, who come from the rural districts to sell their vegetable products, wear the brightest shades of red, orange, green and blue.

The meat market is very attractive. Several rows of sausages hang in various sizes and shapes. The Italians also weave flask-shaped baskets around their wine bottles and hang them from the handle, in front of shops.

It is really very interesting to see the great abundance of fresh, delightful fruits and vegetables and to hear the jovial shouts of the crowd, mingled with the quacking



of the ducks, the bleating of the sheep, and the braying of the weary donkeys.—*Alice Der Stepanian*.

□□

Lago Maggiore

Lago Maggiore is largest of all lakes of Italy, being forty-five miles miles by five miles. It might also be considered the most beautiful, having a host of bays all along the shore, and the three famous Borromean Islands rising out of its blue waters. These islands are rather "fairyish," lying there covered with flowers and trees and gardens. The most beautiful, though, is Isola Bella. The house was built in the time of the Italian renaissance and is ornately lovely, but it is the gardens for which the island is famous. The lawns descend in terraces, which almost seem to glide into the water. There are quantities of mimosa and rhododendron; at one time of year the air is heavy with the scent of magnolia; almost all summer long the roses bloom everywhere, weighting the island down with a wealth of glorious colour, while fountains sighing in the distance relieve the almost too heavily scented air. There are many peacocks, one of a pure white colour, strutting proudly about on the lawns, monarchs of everything.

Fishing on Maggiore is the laziest, pleasantest and most comfortable thing to do. You can lie back in a boat that somebody else rows for you and draw a thin coloured line behind you until eventually something pulls on it; then you pull the something in and it

turns out to be a nice sized fish, delighted to be caught.

There is much more to see, and to do, and to — but one could go on forever, for there is no end to the loveliness of this thin strip of sapphire blue water between snow-tipped mountains.—*Suzanne Butler*

□□

The Ruins of Pompeii

The hectic descriptions of Lytton must not delude us into a belief that Pompeii was an exceptionally spacious, luxurious and perversely wicked city. George Sampson, M.A., described it as a normal, prosperous Campanian town, built upon a prehistoric flow of lava, no worse—probably even better—than many a modern commercial city of the same magnitude. Its exceptional fate invites us to classify Pompeii as an outstanding city; but it is the ruined and not the living Pompeii that should most amaze us.

Pompeii was drowned in dust from the first eruption of the now-famous Vesuvius.

It was forgotten until the sixteenth century when an engineer cutting a water channel broke into the ruins. The work of excavation was not systematically resumed until the time of Napoleon. Under Mussolini energetic and scientific excavations and restorations are being made. The city walls and towers are being rebuilt, the houses re-roofed, so that we may now picture life in an ancient Roman town.

The streets were found to be paved with grey lava slabs, heavily scored by the wheels of vehicles. Beautiful fountains could be recognized at intervals by the roadside.

Archaeologists have uncovered many beautiful types of homes with walls heavily decorated with historic scenery. Treasures of Pompeii crowd the Naples Museum.



Half Buried Theatre, Pompeii



Market Place and Mount Vesuvius



Theatre Interior, Pompeii

THE REVIEW

"The destruction of Pompeii was a tremendous disaster; its resurrection has been a miracle."

—Rena Shed

□□

Fascism and Italy

Italy is Fascist. Italy is Catholic. It is the sum of its cities, towns, and villages. It is ruled by one man.

To speak of Italy at this time is to speak of Fascism, for Italy is the land where it has been most completely developed, where its greatest orator and master dwells. In contrast to Communism, which has tried and failed to spread, Fascism has covered almost half of Europe. Mussolini says: "The twentieth century will be known in history as the Century of Fascism," and through this he intends to bring glory back again to eternal Rome. In Fascism the virtues of ancient Rome are found: Discipline, Duty, Courage, Glory and Sacrifice.

Fascism starts with the very young. When the small Italian boy goes to primary school he finds that most of his classmates are members of the Balilla, a junior Fascist army for eight to fourteen-year-olds. If the boy does not join he is scorned. If he does join he will be part of a rigidly disciplined army a million strong—which is being trained to insure the future of Italy. Practically all Italian boys belong to it, for they soon are taught that "Mussolini is always right." When they are fourteen the best graduate into the Avanguardisti. For the next four years they begin the study of machine guns, airplanes, and tanks. This system has been in force for only eight years and already there are five hundred thousand Avanguardisti.



House at Pompeii

With a leader of such determined ideas, and such fiery contrasts as Mussolini it is expected that there would be conflict between the government and the Church. In insult he says of the Catholic Church: "This religion was born in Palestine but became Catholic in Rome. If it had been confined to Palestine it would never have been more than one of the numerous sects which flourished there. The chances are it would have perished and left no trace." Yet again in contrast, he shows his pride in it by saying: "The Latin and Imperial tradition of Rome is today represented by Catholicism. It forms the only universal idea which exists in Rome." Thus he established an outward peace with the Church.

Thinking of Italy nowadays means thinking of Mussolini, the man who rules Italy. Discipline such as every Fascist boy and girl knows was not for Benito in his youth. About his father's smithy he heard so much of revolt and Socialism that his mother, a school teacher, had him sent to a monastery. Their account of him was: "His set face, his dark eyes, always on the alert, made an impression on the paternal mind of the Director. - - - The boy was bright, intelligent, and had a wonderful memory. But his character was disorderly," and his total lack of submission made it impossible after two years for him to continue at the school. After that he went to Normal School and at eighteen had earned a diploma permitting him to teach.

In quick succession—he travelled to Switzerland, returned and became a recruit, taught school for a while, and became an editorial writer for a famous newspaper. From then on year by year he went forward, struggling through great opposition. He always stepped upward, with difficulties, perhaps ---but also with power--- until he felt himself strong enough to assume the iron-fisted role of complete Dictator.

—Elsie Secord

□□

Italian Idea of a "Hot Dog"

The following is one of the many varieties of Italian "hot dog."

Half a loaf of bread, long and

round like a sausage, cut lengthwise, stuffed with two or three whole tomatoes, two green peppers, a few onions (raw) and salt to taste; this affords a delightful pastime between meals. Try it some day, when it seems a very long time before the conventional eating hour.

Method of eating: Start biting at one end and keep on until you come to the other end, half an hour later.

—George Der Stepanian

□□

Herculaneum

(*Notes from a Diary, 1934*)

Herculaneum lies on the opposite side of Vesuvius to that of Pompeii, and though destroyed in the same eruption of that fearsome volcano, has proved much more difficult to excavate. Pompeii was covered by many feet of fine, powdery ash, which can easily be removed, but Herculaneum by lava which poured into the streets and openings, and cooled into hard rock.

At first I was rather disappointed after my visit to Pompeii on the previous day, for only a tiny section, i.e. part of two streets, has been uncovered, and that only within the last five or six years. You look down into a deep pit, surrounded partly by the modern city of Pugliano, partly by orchards. In this pit excavations are still continuing, and I saw a group of men, stripped to the waist, busy picking away at the lava. This must be very carefully done to avoid injuring what may lie immediately beneath. Then too, most of the ancient town lies thirty or forty feet under the modern, and cannot be reached except by tunneling, or sinking shafts, as in a mine. However, the work is now being carried on very scientifically, and many houses have been restored and reroofed. This is not mere guess work restoration, as in many cases parts of the original ceiling, sometimes most, remain. The whole effect is even more striking than that of Pompeii.

The houses are very fine, with large open pillared courtyards and gardens. One house still has a row of pillars around the second

story. Stairways of wood are modern, but again based on the ancient wooden steps, beams, and window frames, which still remain, carbonized by the heat, now enclosed in glass or mica. Ancient iron gratings protect the windows, which in some cases are still of glass, just like ours. I thought the glass modern, but it was uncovered with the rest. The mosaics on the floors are beautiful, much more artistic than at Pompeii.

In several places the original wooden beds and stools are in their places, also marble tables and statues, little ornaments and other furnishings of a comfortable home. In the kitchens are cook stoves with cooking utensils on them, as they were left, and fire wood (now charcoal) ready to burn. In one place I found a bowl of eggs beside a kitchen table. Then, too, there are iron gratings to the windows, just as used in Italy today, and actually two, at least wooden doors, with panels inset, as we do, only of finer work. The whole place seemed actually to live—and above it rises the modern town, a city over a city, and what a wealth of treasure still to be uncovered!

I saw large public baths and marble swimming pools, with stone

benches and racks for clothing; lavatories with drains and running water to flush them, and heating systems to warm the bath water and the rooms. Truly a city of luxury.

The ancient amphitheatre, an open or uncovered theatre, was discovered by chance in the Middle Ages, when workmen were digging for a well. The huge shaft, some seventy feet high (not deep) is still there, and one can look down from the upper city into the seats of the theatre below! Imagine an open air theatre, for about seven thousand people, now seventy feet or more under the city. Only small sections can be excavated, as it is of course necessary to leave the lava-like pillars to support the houses above.

You descend a flight of modern steps, lighted by electricity, until you reach the top of the original theatre; then you continue to descend, gallery by gallery, to the lowest level, where you climb again onto the stage, and dressing rooms. In each gallery (there were three) you see only a small section, as lava poured into the open windows, and finally over the top, until all was buried. At one point a skeleton was found caked to the wall—a guard perhaps. Down on the

stage, feebly lit by tiny lights, you see the shadows flicker far above you, as the huge arches soar high overhead, and you shiver in the chill dampness as you listen, in the oppressive silence, to the distant rumble of the city's pulsing life, and to the water dripping slowly from stone to stone. I did not find anything so weird, so deeply charged with memories of the past, as this buried theatre, once high above ground, now oozing with icy water.

From the theatre a tunnel led to the sea, to let in water for mock naval fights, but now the sea is far away. Also another tunnel leads to the excavated portions, several hundred feet away. The outer walls of the theatre are, of course, still imbedded in lava.

Altogether Herculaneum impressed me profoundly, far more so than Pompeii, and I came away deeply stirred. I think a more cultured group lived in this little Campanian town, and very fine works of art, and writings are being recovered. The museum at Naples contains a magnificent collection of bronzes, taken from what was apparently a private museum here, the finest of which are probably two magnificent figures of wrestlers.

—J. B. W.



HERCULANEUM

The Greek Flag

The blue and white which form the colouring of the Greek flag shown in our illustration was adopted by the National Assembly at Epidaurus on January seventh, eighteen hundred and twenty-two. The stripes are nine in number—five blue and four white. In the upper corner of the hoist is a canton bearing a white cross on a blue ground.

□□

The Citadel of Corinth

(from a Diary, 1934)

. . . Haven't seen much of Tripolis, but what I have seen doesn't impress me favourably. It is quite a large city, but the streets are narrow and dirty, and there are no good restaurants or parks. There are, however, innumerable barber shops, and I had a shave and hair cut for five cents.

. . . Secured a front seat on the bus, so that I could have a good view. I had thought that the road to Delphi was steep and winding, but as there is a high mountain between Tripolis and Argos, only twenty-five miles or so away, this road is both very steep, and has more curves than a cork screw. No wonder people have the bus stopped while they get out to recover equilibrium—or whatever it is they recover. It took two hours to reach Argos, over a gravel road, now being resurfaced. From Argos to Corinth the road is very good. In fact, Greece now has

Greece

Editor—Nora Fetherstone

many miles of either paved or well surfaced roads.

I was told that it was six miles from Corinth, at the entrance to the canal, to the site of old Corinth, but I walked it, with a knapsack, on a very hot day, in about an hour, so it is not much more than three.

Old Corinth is still inhabited, though it is only a tiny village, but new houses are being erected. Very extensive ruins have been excavated since 1929, but they say that only one one-hundredth of the total has been uncovered, so Corinth must have been a magnificent, if wicked, city.

The climb up the abrupt slopes of the citadel hill, which is 1,886 feet high, took over an hour, but it was worth it. The citadel is very extensive and could contain a town of several thousand; indeed for several centuries during the troublous middle ages, it was the town. Here there are still good remains of French, Venetian and Turkish walls, towers, battlements, mosques and minarets, and it is said to be the finest group of fortifications in Greece. One can easily see where later and much poorer fortifications have been added to remains of Greek and Roman walls, and in the main they follow the lines of the original fortifications, which go back to prehistoric times.

I spent over three hours wandering there, absolutely alone, in the early evening. Some of the finest views in the world may be obtained from almost any point of the citadel. Far away to the east, through an opening in the island of Salamis, one can see the gleaming marble of the Parthenon. On all sides, far and near, rise mountains, range behind mountain range, until they fade in the blue grey mist of evening, or under the glowing splendour of the setting sun. Far below stretch for miles dark and bright green fields, and olive groves, with roads and rivulets winding through them like white and silver threads. Softly comes the faint tinkling of goat and sheep bells, and an occasional cry from the village. To the north opens out the Gulf of Corinth, four miles to the east, the Bay of Aegina, with the Corinthian canal connecting them. It seemed so easy to build that I wondered why it took so many centuries, and so much money to complete. I discovered later that it had to be blasted through solid rock.

. . . Eventually I found the ancient spring of Upper Peirine, which now has a cement roof. The steps are very slippery and worn by thousands of years' use, but I managed to climb down in the dusk, and get a drink. The water is said to be pure, and I hoped so. In fact I counted over a dozen deep wells up there, many with water, and there is a curious Byzantine brick vaulted well with steps.

. . . managed to get a meal, of a sort, at the village, but found no place to sleep. The restaurant keeper eventually fixed up a mattress, pillow and rug on the cement verandah of a new store then being built. However, I should have slept well, had not four or five men and women on the next verandah carried on an animated conversation until late into the night—and the mosquitoes were bad!

□□

Greek Meals

Butter and cheese are exceedingly scarce. Bean soup, olives, bread, good coffee and wine are the staples, if you like that kind of wine, mixed with water and very



The Citadel at Corinth

sour. There is very little drunkenness in Greece. One traveller describes the wine as a mixture of "raspberry vinegar flavoured with snuff!" However, the beer is very good. The same traveller tried a mouthful of eel and — "did the only thing to be done with it."

At weddings the Greeks eat, drink, and are merry. There are usually three instalments of food, consisting of chicken and rice soup, joints of lamb, bread, vegetables, pudding, sweetmeats and sugared almonds.

—*Marjorie Fetherston*

□□

The Corinthian Canal

The idea of cutting a canal is said to date as far back as the reign of Periander, who was accounted one of the seven wise men of Greece. The Corinthian Canal was begun by a great number of soldiers and prisoners with much solemnity, apparently about the end of 67 A.D. Emperor Nero himself, after chanting hymns in honour of the marine deities, set the example by giving a few strokes with a golden pickaxe which the Governor of Greece formally handed to him. A beginning was made on the western end of the Isthmus but operations were suspended soon in consequence of evil tidings which Nero received.

The modern canal, completed in 1893, has a striking appearance to one sailing through, owing to the height of its banks on either side, rising like walls to a height of more than one hundred feet. At one point the railway passes over it **one hundred and seventy feet** above the water. Unfortunately the canal is too narrow to be of much use to larger ships and there is little prospect of it ever becoming one of the great highways in the east.

—*Helen Elliott*

□□

Travel in Greece

There are certain traits about the Greeks which make you wonder if these people think enough; for instance, the launching forth into roads that are never finished. The roads that are completed are so roundabout that one travels five times the distance to get from one

place to the next as the crow flies. There are so many hair pin curves that travellers are frequently carsick and curse the bus drivers, who are very unwilling to let them out and delay the bus. Many mountainous regions are traversed only by mule tracks.

—*Nora Fetherstone*

□□

A Grecian Trireme

The word trireme comes from the two Latin words "tres," three and "remus," oar. Hence a trireme was a warship with three banks of oars. Long before the battle of Salamis in 480 B.C., the Greek warriors decided that they needed larger warships. Yet to add more oars to the one tier would necessitate the lengthening of the boat. This would make their ships too heavy for rapid progress; and so they devised a boat with two banks of oars, one above the other, and later a third was added above the second. The lowest deck was barely three feet above the water level and required fifty-four rowers, each at his own oar. On the second tier there were fifty-eight rowers and their oars were longer than the ones below. Finally the third bank numbering sixty rowers had oars which were longer still. These measured thirteen feet six inches. This bank was eleven feet from the water. The trireme had sails but these were only used in ordinary cruising, never in battle. The ship was built extremely light so that it not only skimmed over the water with great rapidity but it was easily hauled up on shore. At the battle of Salamis, the Greeks had a fleet of three hundred and eighty ships, most of which were triremes.

—*Victoria Dearle.*

□□

Princess Marina

"All the world loves a lover," and this phrase is no more applicable to any other race than it is to the people of the British Isles when it concerns a member of the beloved Family. Every Britisher is anxious to know more about Princess Marina of Greece. In the first place Marina has not a drop of Greek blood in her, as her grandfather was elected to the throne of

Greece. He was Prince William of Denmark and took the title of King George of Greece.

Princess Marina lived with her parents in their modest Bourgeois flat in Paris, near the Bois de Boulogne. Their flat occupies the fifth and sixth floors of the house. Each member has his or her own apartment.

The Princess has had to overcome many handicaps. Not only the money problem confronted her, but the heel of her left shoe is a bit higher than the right. The first time she saw London was when she went there to undergo treatment, and as a result, the limp is scarcely noticeable in her athletics, golf, tennis and riding. She makes all her own clothes and her cooking is to be envied by any woman. She uses make-up like any other girl, relies on a permanent wave which enhances her individuality, has a clear skin, dancing eyes and an enchanting smile. The Princess is a woman of perfect poise, keen personality, and charm, but she confides only in her sisters and closest friends.

To our new British Princess we extend our most sincere wishes for her future happiness under the throne of the British Empire.

—*Marjorie Roulston*

□□

Did You Know That?

1. The first trireme was built at Corinth?

2. Friendship was the greatest ship of ancient Greece?

3. Muleteers supposed to speak English are an irritating breed that should be specially avoided by the traveller?

4. None, save people with ostrich-like digestions, can travel in the interior of Greece with comfort?

5. French is the language used on Greek postcards and even in English hotels there are French maids?

6. In Greece you are not hounded with people trying to sell knick-knacks and postcards but have to hunt for them in curio stores?

7. Most Grecian stamps have a picture of Lord Byron on them?

{ *Continued on page 97*

The Flag of France

The National Flag of modern France dates back to the year 1789 when the French people first rose up in righteous rebellion against the hateful conditions of the "ancien régime." Thus the French Revolution.

Before this date, the flag of France was the "fleur-de-lys," of which we really know very little. What it was supposed to represent we are not certain. It may have been an iris, or a lily, or perhaps the head of a lance. At any rate, with the coming of the Revolution it quickly fell into disuse.

The "Tri-coleur" as it is popularly called is composed of the three colours, red, white, and blue. The red and blue are the colours of the city of Paris. The white was added at the suggestion of the Marquis de Lafayette, famed for his part in the American Revolution.

The French flag has often faltered under the storms of revolutions, political dissensions, world wars and civil strife, but its engrained traditions of liberty and loyalty have always carried it through triumphantly. Indeed, the French people may well be proud of a flag which has stood for so much and played such a prominent part in history.—*Claire Hicks*

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Raymond Poincare

In this section set aside for France it seems fitting to mention one of France's greatest and most beloved statesmen, the late Raymond Poincare.

France

Editor—Elizabeth Harvey

Raymond Poincare was thrice premier of France. From 1913 to 1920 he was President of the French Republic. Five years ago he retired from the premiership and the politics of his country, and until his death was announced on Oct. the fifteenth, 1934, the world had all but forgotten that he had lived. But history had already judged and marked him for one of the notable figures of his age.

He was a mild-eyed, rotund little man, with a pointed beard. Nothing in his outward appearance suggested the man of iron which he proved himself to be. He strove for the security of France with passionate devotion and cold realism. His mind mirrored with curious exactness the mind of France, and in more than one moment of decision his voice proved to be the voice and his will the will of the French people.

Raymond Poincare was a man of whom France may well be proud, for he did much to make her one of the leading nations of the world.

—E. Harvey

□□

The Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées

The Place de la Concorde by day is vast rather than beautiful, and by night it is a congress of lamps.



1—Le Sacré Coeur.

4—Avenue des Champs Elysées.

10—Place de la Concorde.

Because it is sacred ground Paris is unthinkable without it. In 1763 the open and uncultivated space was enclosed, surrounded with fosses, made trim and called La Place Louis Quinze.

Twenty-two years later, kings having suddenly become cheap, the statue of Louis XV. was melted down and cast into cannon, while a clay figure of Liberty was set up in its stead, by the order of the National Convention. La Place was to be renamed La Place de la Revolution. A little later the guillotine which was to see the deaths of the king and queen and the proud nobility of France was erected there. In 1799, the Reign of Terror being ended, the Place won the name of Concorde. Since then certain symbolic statues of great French cities have been set up, and the Place is a model of symmetry. Its two great fountains are a source of joy and coolness in hot weather. This basis of safety assures happiness in the presence of so much tinkling, falling water.

If the Place de la Concorde may be called at night a congress of light, the Champs Elysées may be called in the afternoon a congress of wheels; wheels revolving along this superb roadway, so wide and open, climbing so confidently to the Arc de Triomphe, with its graves on either side at the foot and its white mansions afterwards.

Marie de Médicis in 1616 planned and laid out the Champs Elysées; but Napoleon is the father of the scene which culminates so magnificently in the Arc de Triomphe. The particular children's paradise of Paris, where they bowl their hoops and ride the horses of minute roundabouts turned by hand and watch the marionettes is between the main road and the Elysées.

—*Marjorie Vining*

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Carnival Days on the Riviera

Laughter, shouting, music, confetti, gaiety, confusion, milling crowds of gayly dressed people, nightmarish alarm clocks ten feet high, men in skirts, girls in trousers, and the Carnival is on. In the middle of the parade rides King Carnival, a gorgeous dummy on a wild steed, surrounded by his court. His reign is short but furious and then he is burnt at the stake.

This is the Riviera in Carnival

days. The wise onlooker protects his face from flying pellets with a mask, as do the judges, and wears a cape with a high frilly collar to protect his ears from the blaring, clashing bedlam of many bands. There is, however, surprisingly little drunkenness, although wine flows freely. The streets are crowded with flower sellers. The air is thick with confetti. For days after one seems to leave a little trickle of it wherever one goes.

King Carnival knows no restrictions. "Do as you please" is his motto. Yet there are conventions even amid confetti showers. The masquer must disguise his voice as well as his face and preferably assume the costume of opposite sex.

Carnival time is the gala occasion of the Riviera.

—Frances Copeland

□□

French Customs

Any newcomer to France would find life so utterly different from that of other countries that it would take some weeks of readjustment before one felt really at ease.

Thrift is an outstanding trait in a Frenchman. Comfort costs money, and to the Frenchman comfort seems transient, while money is not, and the cheapest thing with which to pay is his own skin. For this reason he forfeits good plumbing and heating and mourns audibly over a small hole burnt in an old rug or tapestry. Nor is food ever wasted. A French cook can cover a medley of unappetizing scraps with a heavenly sauce and make it a dish fit for the gods. No one ever leaves food on his plate, for besides it being a dreadful waste it is an insult to the culinary arts of the hostess.

The housewife in France is responsible for every little detail. She must attend to the process of cooking a dinner, even if she has a cook, as closely as though she were doing it herself. She must listen patiently to the account of the workman who repairs the stove on the temperamental character of that object. Besides this she watches her children's studies, helps them diligently in their homework, and makes herself their constant companion.

Another distinguishing characteristic of a Frenchman is his

exquisite manners. Shop keepers and clerks manage to show a flattering deference to their customers without losing any of their own dignity. Youth looks up to middle-age but never speaks to an older person with "What would you do if you were young?"

In France the gentle art of conversation still flourishes. It would be an insult to ask one's dinner guests to play cards after dinner or to go to the theatre. At any rate it would be superfluous for conversation flows freely and delightfully. The French feel that it should never develop into a lesson or an argument.

Altogether the French are a charming people, thrifty without being mean, conscientious, tactful and exquisitely polite and entertaining.

—E. Harvey

□□

Le Petit Trianon

Le Petit Trianon (Little Castle) is to-day a touching memorial to Marie Antoinette. It was the gift of Louis XVI to his Queen when she asked him for a place of retirement where she could lay aside her duties and cease to be Queen.

The Petit Trianon was one of the most perfect and graceful and delicate creations ever designed. It was situated in a retired nook in Versailles park, well out of sight

of Versailles and yet conveniently near. It was no larger than a country mansion of to-day and was furnished in an unostentatious manner, everything denoting privacy and ease. The Queen produced fashionable plays and comic opera there for her amusement and that of her friends.

The boudoir for social amenities and amusements was the centre of the house. The panelling was of carved and gilded wood and there were soft silken hangings. The prevailing colours were cream, delicate cherry and pale blue. It was designed for pleasant, intimate gatherings by a woman in the springtime of life.

It was a doll's house whose windows looked out upon beautiful lawns and gardens. Marie Antoinette desired a natural garden and so engaged the best known horticulturists to build it for her. This garden was to contain within its four square kilometres a reproduction of the whole of nature. There were French, Indian and African trees, Dutch tulips, a lake, a river, a mountain and a grotto, a romantic ruin, Greek temples, Dutch windmills. In this garden of nature the Queen spent the most enjoyable hours of her life and even the King came only as a guest.

In one section there was a complete miniature farm, equipped



1—L'Opéra
3—La Madeleine

2—L'Arc de Triomphe
4—Tomb of Napoleon

with a dairy, a mill, and several small rustic hamlets. The people in these hamlets did the simple farming but often the Queen and her Princesses amused themselves in the dairy making butter and cheese, chatting with the humble folk, studying their opinions and their simple language. It was a complete rest after being hedged in by the monotonous conventions of the French court.

The Petit Trianon was a fabulously expensive toy for an extravagant woman, but it will remain through the ages as a token of the former grandeur of the French Court.—*Emily Moore*

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From a Sidewalk Restaurant in Paris

Since it is five o'clock let us take a chair outside the Café de la Paix and watch the people go by, for when all is said and done these outdoor café chairs in Paris give it its highest charm. We see a stream of people, incessant and of incredible density, all walking at the same pace, all talking as only the French can talk, rich and poor equally owners of the pavement. Now and then a camelot offers a toy or a picture postcard; a performer bends and twists a piece of felt into every shape of hat, culminating in Napoleon's famous "chapeau à cornes."

One thing that one notices is the absence of laughter. The dominant type of face seen from a chair at the Café de la Paix is not a happy one. Around and about one all the time, as one watches this panorama, the swift and capable waiters are busy. Paris may be a city of feminine charm and domination but to the ordinary foreigner it is more a city of waiters.

Still the people stream by. Look at those two long-haired artists from the Latin Quarter in velvet cloaks and black sombreros. In Canada they would be stared at and laughed at; but here no one is laughed at and it is interesting to note how little street ridicule there is in France. Individuality is encouraged and nourished.

There is such a variety of types. The busy, capable girls and women shopping—their pretty uncovered heads all so neatly and deftly arranged, and their bags and baskets in their hands; the chair

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mender blowing his horn, the "tondeur de chiens" with his mournful pipe and box of scissors; the brisk errand boys, the neat little milliners with their bandboxes; the business men with their inadequate portfolios. Paris as a spectacle is perpetually new and amusing. The foreignness of Paris never decreases. Every sound is foreign, every costume, every walk, every façade. From the women with no hats to the butchers who frankly sell nothing but horseflesh—everything is foreign.

So from a chair outside a café we catch a glimpse of the real charm of Paris, one of the most fascinating cities in the world.

—*E. Harvey*

□□

Montmartre

Paris has many quarters, each with characteristics so sharply defined that every true Parisian boasts that, if he could be dropped by parachute from an aeroplane anywhere within Paris he would instantly recognize the quarter in which he found himself. For tourists, of course, these quarters are identified by special monuments.

One of these, "Butte Montmartre", is identified by the Sacré Coeur, which with its opalescent white domes dominates a great city. This church, of remarkable size, was built on a hill-top after the war of 1870.

The streets of Montmartre are peopled with historical, literary, musical, and theatrical ghosts.

There lived on Rue de Chaussée d'Antin Baron Danglars, one of the villains of Monte Cristo, the banker whom the Count of Monte Cristo contrived to ruin. It was on this same street that Mirabeau,

a distinguished statesman during the French Revolution, died. Here also Napoleon met Josephine de Beauharnais for the first time, whose influence secured him his appointment in Italy.

In the Rue de Bruxelles Zola, the great French realist of the nineteenth century, worked hard to earn his living; he was sometimes so impecunious that he was obliged to pawn his coat and trousers, and stay home and work in his shirt. Nearby, Gounod composed masses, and the Ave Maria which are still sung in our churches today. Now these ghosts have vanished and these same streets are throbbing with living masses. Artists set their easels anywhere along the streets, painting unmindful of passers-by.

Along the Boulevard de Clichy is the home of the night restaurant and cabaret which change continuously. At one time "Le Rat Mort" is most frequented, then its popularity wanes, and gives way to "Le Caveau Caucasién," or perhaps "Le Fetiche." No matter what may be said of these, there can be found genuine and distinctive art in the Montmartre cabaret.

Montmartre is a city within a city and one of the most interesting parts of the wonderful city of Paris.

—*Rita Gilles*

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Versailles

Versailles, the palace built by Louis XIV., is the epitome of grandeur and extravagance. It was constructed twelve miles from Paris and opened with a magnificent fête which was attended by Queen Marie Thérèse and Queen Anne of Austria. It is surrounded by miles of park which are a triumph of imagination and artistry. It seems almost impossible that the great expanse of woods and flower gardens, with great lawns and ponds, a canal a mile long and large fountains, was once a mere sandy waste.

"Although," says a writer of the day, "it has not the great size that is to be remarked in some of His Majesty's other Palaces, it is charming in every respect, everything smiles within and without, gold and marble vie with one another in their beauty and brilliancy. . . . Its symmetry and the richness of its furniture, the beauty of its walks and the infinite

{Continued on page 98}

A Trip Through the Black Forest

Everyone touring Germany wishes to take a drive through the Black Forest. This trip is especially delightful on Sundays, when you can see numerous parties of bicyclists and hikers or gaily-dressed peasants going to their little hidden churches.

As we travel along, we see on both sides of the road countless shrines, where some lonely traveller stops to pray. Old monasteries and the ruins of monks' dwellings are hidden in the loveliest places of the earth, where the monks of old chose to meditate.

On the way, we pass through many little villages, each boasting of its own exquisite setting. Offenburg, with its neat gardens and picturesque homes, Elzach, with its medieval gates and an old fashioned church, and Freiburg, built on a hill and running into the forest.

As we are driving along, we stop to see a peasant procession. The girls are wearing waists embroidered with beads and flowers, wide velvet skirts and wonderful head-dresses.

At last we come to the Lake of Titisee, the popular Sunday resort. From Feldberg, near the Titisee, it is possible to view the Alps from Zugspitze to Mont Blanc.

From Feldberg we pass through the home of the Black Forest furniture and the famous cuckoo clocks, and arrive at Lake Constance. Constance lies on a piece of land jutting out into the lake. During its nine hundred years it has woven many legends into its history. From here we take a trip over the lake to Lindau. On the way, the medieval castle of Meersburg is seen with its drawbridge and famous cemetery. Not much further on is Friedrichshafen, the home of Count Zeppelin, and its mighty airship factories.

From here we pass through one green meadow after the other, going in front of large open windows, through which we see smiling girls making toy dolls. From now on, we pass over countless bridges until we come into Munich, the end of our journey.

Germany

Editor—Kitchener Hartmann

The Legend of Falkenburg

*The baron of Falkenburg swept down from the hills,
To rob and to pillage, to plunder and burn;
He suddenly heard the sweet sounds of a bell,
That made him stop, listen and turn.*

*He climbed the church tower, cut loose the bell,
And swiftly returned to his lofty stronghold.
The priest coming home from his mass late at night,
Stood silent with wonder at the tale that was told.*

*Our hero, no coward, swathed himself in a cloak,
And toiled up the mountain, a long weary trek,
The baron, annoyed and dismayed at the sight,
Seized the poor man, tied the bell on his neck.*

*He dragged him out into the darkness nearby,
And sunk him quite deeply in a watery well,
After the horrible deed he fell ill,
And heard on his death-bed, the sound of the bell.*

German Marriage Customs

The civil marriage in Germany usually takes place the day before, or early in the morning of the same day as the religious ceremony. Several couples are married at the same time in the church. There is a fee for the organist and decorations, but none for the minister. The bridegroom fetches his bride in a richly-decorated carriage, and takes her to the church. The marriage vows are similar to those in our country. At the end of a very long sermon the bride and groom exchange rings, for in Germany both the men and women wear rings. These are usually worn on the right hand. The bridal wreath must partly be made of myrtle, because this is the emblem of

brides in Germany. After the wedding dinner, the newly-married couple slip away, unnoticed by the rest save for the bride's parents, and go on their honeymoon.

In past years it was the custom to break crockery at a wedding and to celebrate for a couple of weeks afterwards. In this case the couple stayed home and entertained. At the end of this time they would then go away on their honeymoon.

—Kitchener Hartmann

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The Dragon and the Maid

Long ago, in a dark deep cave high up on the Drachenfels in the Siebengebirge, there dwelt a horrible monster. He held the Rhine valley in a state of terror, and even the Roman legions shuddered in their sleep, when they dreamed of him. Since his favourite and daily meal consisted of tender human beings, he used to drag his scaly length out of the cave and creep into the villages in search of lunch.

A brave general decided that, in order to protect the valley, he would supply the dragon with a daily menu of human victims. One day two centurions dragged a lovely young maiden up to the cave. When she stood in the sunlight, revealed in all her beauty, the soldiers became very jealous of the dragon and arranged a fight to see which one should win her as his bride. The general was quite annoyed, and feeling himself duty-bound to feed the dragon, he led the girl mercilessly towards him. The whole mountain shook as the dragon came forth roaringly. The trembling maid held high her crucifix. The dragon halted, turned to flee, and dashed himself into thousands of wriggling pieces against the rocks below.

—Dorothy Phillips

□□

Christmas Customs in Germany

The celebration of Christmas in Germany is indeed a wonderful event. Every family has a Christmas tree decorated with the finest of blown-glass ornaments. Shiny red apples and gilded nuts are set about the stem, so that it is not noticeable. There are really three days of celebration.

On Christmas Eve the whole family stays up till after twelve o'clock. At this time the presents are handed out and greetings are extended from one to the other. Everyone then drinks a glass of brandy mixed with sugar and hot water, and eats a piece of the national cake "Stolle."

Christmas Day is truly a church holiday, and services are held in the morning, afternoon, and night.

On the day after Christmas the young and old gather at the dance halls at three o'clock in the afternoon and dance from then until three the next morning.

On the morning of the second day after Christmas in every German town little bands go about and play in front of the houses of their girl-friends and of the important people of the town. At every home they are invited in and receive a cup of coffee and a piece of "Stolle." At three the people gather again at the dance halls and the married couples especially enjoy themselves at this twelve hours of dancing.

□□

German Athletics

From the old system called "Türen," which is a mixture of Swedish and Danish athletics, Germany is passing into a new kind of physical training of modern rhythmic gymnastics instigated by Dr. Rudolf Bode and his contemporaries. In this system of athletics the whole nation is interested. The German people, even from their early youth, are determined to be 100 per cent. athletic, so that they can be of the best service to their country in whatever branch they are interested. They perform athletic work, not in a half-hearted way, as if they were compelled, but because they enjoy doing it. They consider athletics such an important every day event that they would rather starve than go without their daily music and training.

Every town or village, no matter how small it may be, has a gymnasium equipped with every known apparatus and the finest

of marble showers and basins. The floors of the better class German gymnasias of large cities are covered with linoleum of approximately three inches thickness. This, added to the fact that they do all of their inside gymnastics in bare feet, gives more spring to their jumps. Sunshine plays an essential part in their exercises, and so large full-length windows are placed on every possible side of the gymnasium to let all the available sunshine in.

Every Saturday during the holidays they have a track and field meet. Little space is provided for the spectators, as everyone takes part in the games. Only at a large match is there a large crowd of onlookers. The Germans are more interested in their track and field work than they are in our popular games of tennis and basketball. Of all our games however, they probably like tennis the best.

Throughout every city countless "Sportplätze" are placed and in these playgrounds between five and eight, and again in the early evening the young and old of that neighbourhood gather to participate in some game. Every weekend in the large cities parties of week-end hikers form and together with two or three trainers they go hiking out in the country. To these parties the government has given old castles for their headquarters. Each of these castles is furnished with an up-to-date kitchen and showers.

Germany will be the scene of the coming Olympic Games and

□□□



Berlin is fast preparing for it. And so in 1936 the eyes of all the world will be turned to this country of athletics.

□□

Hamelin—Die Stadt des Rattenfängers.

This little old-world city with its quiet streets and its quiet river, would still possess its friendly unpretentious beauty, even though there were no legend of the Pied Piper. However, this legend adds its interesting points, as the people of Hamelin have set up a fountain to the Piper in the children's playground; they have named it the "Rat-catcher," and the finest house in the town is the "Rat-catcher's House."

Hamelin is a very loveable little town, with its ancient buildings, and the wide view from the wooded tops of the Kappelberg Hill across the river. From here, on a sunny afternoon, Hamelin is like a checker-board, red roofs broken with the green of trees, like the pied clothes of Hamelin's Piper. One night as I was loitering along Oster-Strasse—in dreams—I seemed to hear the thin music of a fife, and turning the corner, I saw six boys, two fifes, and a drum. As I stood aside to let them pass

"There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling,

Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,

Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,

Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,

And like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering

Out came the children running."

The boys went by and the round-eyed children, silent and somewhat disappointed, watched them disappear down the street. Did they, I wonder, expect the "Kinder-Spell"?

—Frances Copeland

"Such Is Life"

IT was a torrid summer day, similar to many others that had preceded it. A sizzling sun was beating down upon an already baked earth that looked like an urchin's face in dire need of water to freshen and sweeten it.

The usual Sunday traffic was in evidence and numerous cars were passing along at a rapid pace. As one watched this transit of human beings on wheels an episode transpired which set conflicting thoughts flashing through one's mind.

Someone from a passing automobile discarded a partially consumed sandwich, throwing it to the sidewalk. A man, probably around forty-five years of age, shabbily dressed, with features rather drawn, was standing nearby. With a furtive glance in various directions and not realizing anyone was near enough to take in the situation, the man quickly stepped forward and gathered up what remained of the discarded food and proceeded on his way, endeavouring to satisfy the pang of hunger that was threatening the structure of a human body.

The scene changes—the softness and warmth of summer is gone. Frost is in the air and the trees have shed their leaves and taken on an aspect of sadness. Soon the day will be engulfed in the blackness of night. It seemed ashamed that its fading light could not hide a little sooner in the coming night to prevent the following tragic sight from becoming visible.

A refuse pile, and a human being searching for food. Can it be possible? Is there food fit for human consumption to be found in a filthy dump? Crusts of bread, orange peel and what not. The

Eveline Coulls

human derelict fills his pockets and goes on his way. But this scene still remains in the memory as a blot on the name of any civilized state in which such a thing could happen. I arrive at home, sick at heart, and picking up the newspaper see a glamorous description of the opening of Canada's Parliament with the pomp and splendour perhaps befitting such an occasion.

Being a little weary and while wondering over the discrepancies in our human sphere, I fall asleep and in a dream I vision a new world. No longer do I witness hunger and poverty amidst plenty; not a mansion here with liveried attendants and down another street a structure unfit for habitation; no lines of worry are on the faces of the populace. I look and wonder, but feel happy that a change has come about, that selfishness has been dethroned and that love is the king that reigns in every heart. Now the sweet life seems to be just as the wise Creator intended it to be. There was meaning in the sunshine, not only for a few but for all. Rain could not dampen the spirits of lives filled with love for one another and built on such a rock that a storm could beat upon it but not destroy it.

With a feeling of contentment not known before, I wander from place to place. The thrill of the joy of life is everywhere, but with thoughts of why such a condition of life could not have existed always, the vision fades. Realities of the present loom large and ominous. However, the vision of what could be and should be will linger in my memory to stimulate action so as to help bring nearer the day when selfishness shall be banished and love reign supreme.

◆ ◆ ◆

Discontented : : : Dorothy Maher

An old farmhouse, with meadows wide,
Sweet with clover on either side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door, with woodbine wretched about,
Wishes this one thought all through the day,
"If I could only fly away,
How happy—oh! how happy
I would be."



Amid the city's constant din,
A man who 'round the world has been,
Who 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long,
"Oh, could I but tread once more
The field piece to the farm-house door,
The old green meadows could I see,
How happy—oh! how happy
I would be."



TEACHING STAFF

The Meadow

HE had always thought it the most picturesque of all the Basque villages—the few rows of clean little houses, prim gardens, and some of the finest and oldest beech trees in France, towering giants, dwarfing even the stately firs, and the pride of every villager. Was it not under these same trees, old even then, that their forefathers had gathered, twelve centuries past, to divide the spoils from Ronscevalles' battle and quarrel for the trumpet of Roland? They were objects of veneration to all alike, the villager and the peasants from the surrounding mountains, who flocked in, on fête days, in their red breeches and black velvet jackets to the little shrine of the Virgin, Notre Dame d'Escualdaritz pied-de-pré.

But the most outstanding feature of the place, to Maclean, was its location, nestling, as it did, in a pretty green valley among the foothills, at the base of a great precipice. Immediately overhead, a wedge between two pink walls of granite, was the meadow, "le beau pré," the most exquisite expanse of loveliness in all the beautiful Pyrenees.

Such had it been and as such had Neil Maclean remembered it, this little Basque village, Escualdaritz pied-de-pré. From above he came down upon it, to paint, one spring morning, past the meadow, so bright with fresh spring bloom, and down the cliff face to the valley. But now, all was different. A concrete pool marked the site of the spring in front of the shrine where once the village maids had scrubbed the family wash. A white-stone hotel reared high its modern head surrounded by an ugly brood of tourist cabins. The few beeches suffered to remain had been trimmed and cut to hold look-out platforms in their branches. Coloured lights swung from tip to ground. The peasant houses were gone, the peasant dress, the peasants. No more white blouses and gaiters and big red berets. Instead modern ladies strolled along artificial promenades and leaned against metal railings on the roof of the casino. An "American," son of one of those thousand Basque men, who had emigrated to South and North America for their fortunes, had returned to Escualdaritz to beautify his father's homeland, à la Buenos Aires, a city, beautiful it is true, but not equal to the Basque conception of beauty.

Escualdaritz was no more. Eaux Belles was there in its place.

John Henderson

Neil Maclean put up at a shepherd's cot in the neighbourhood, and was told the story of Edmond Pireda, as he munched his sheep's milk cheese.

Edmond had been a fine youth, a shepherd like mine host, strong of limb, pleasant of face, and with a rare turn at the Basque trumpet, with its long winding throat. He had married a pretty girl, Lucille, the daughter of the richest cattle owner in the district. It was a good match for him, they had said, but though he adored her, he was not happy. She had travelled, been to Paris. But it was worse when the American came. He had money and ruined her husband. Pireda was jailed for assault and some theft. The American had married his divorced wife and now the shepherd wandered in the hills.

But today was the great fête and cattle mart at Hasparren, and every red bereted peasant in the village was there, except mine host. He had injured his ankle climbing up the path to le beau pré. Maclean decided to visit this meadow. It was the only thing left to paint.

Seated on a rock, all day he painted. Screened by a clump of pine saplings and with his back against a slab of the fine, pink marble, exported since Caesar's day, he worked away, a splendid landscape growing upon his canvas. A large field of flowers set in a fold of the hills, several tons of rock dotted with innumerable blossoms bloomed on that thin top-soil. To the left were the snow-capped peaks, 10,000 feet high, of the Spanish border. To the right, green earth gave way to bright blue sky. Eaux Belles, in all its grossness, seemed far away.

A flower moved unduly—but was it a flower? A red beret, a peasant, was there, had been all day, as he worked, thought Maclean. All the rest were at Hasparren.

Twilight fell. A thousand garish lights sprang up in the casino. The man started and knelt down, fingering something. The watcher leaned forward. Suddenly, there was smoke and a great explosion. The man recoiled on the edge of the cliff. The meadow moved. Swiftly Maclean reached out and tried to seize him while, with rumblings and crashing of rocks, the lights in the town below went out, wreathed with meadow flowers.

Red beret followed, stark of face, down the deep and empty cleft. "Lucille!"

TEACHING STAFF

Back row—M. L. Entwistle, B.A. N. C. Anderson, B.A. C. K. Bluett, B.A. C. S. Buck, M.A. E. O. Hall, M.A. C. McCallum, B.A. J. B. West, M.A., W. E. Shales, M.A., B. Paed. C. W. Maddeford, M.A. W. E. Webb, B.A.

Third row—W. H. Adamson, M.A. Grace Armstrong, B.A. Ethel M. Rymill, Eleanor McCormick, B.A. Edith Edge, Mary Macpherson, B.A. Frances Wiancko, M.A. Marian Henderson, B.A. Catherine MacKinnon, M.A.

Second row—Margaret Thomson, B.A. Antoinette Gilles, B.A. Frances Gibson, Audrey A. Webster, Katharine Morrison, B.A. Madaline Roddick, B.A. M. Louise Wyatt, B.A. Mai-je McKee, B.A. Dorothy McCann, B.A., B. Paed. Jessie O'Neil, B.A. D. H. Carr, B.A.

Front row—E. O. Liebner, B.A. A. A. Affleck, B.A. W. C. Johnson, B.A. Principal E. A. Miller, M.A. J. P. S. Nethercott, M.A. N. R. Gray, B.A. J. H. Cameron.

On Slang

SLANG is a language in itself. Contrary to the common belief, it is not a modern means of expression, but has been used for centuries. Who knows whether Columbus, when he saw the far off distant shores of America was not heard to remark, "As I live, by golly—land!"?

Shakespeare originated many slang phrases which we use today—for example, "You egg!" You do not mean to insinuate that the person addressed by this epithet in any way resembles an egg, but you are merely expressing in the modern way that he arouses in you contempt and derision.

It would be interesting to notice how much slang enters into our everyday speech. There is hardly a sentence said which does not contain some colloquialism or form of slang. It is probably an idea which could not be as well expressed in any other words—for instance, it would sound absurd to hear a person say "Was that not a rugby game worthy of our most profound interest," when one can say with much more effect, "Wow, wasn't that a pip of a rugby game!"

Slang forms so important a part in our daily lives that we do not realize we are using it. It is like another language. The two languages might

Barbara Tennent

be put under the categories of Formal and Informal. The first is the proper, elegant, grammatically correct use of English, the other is colloquial, informal, unceremonious. Each has its place in the world, but should be kept as far apart as the North Pole from the South. While meeting the Prince of Wales, one would not slap him familiarly on the shoulder and exclaim, "Hi—ya Prince!" and next moment use a stilted speech like this, "Will you cogitate for an interval and render me your most valued opinion on the divisibility of the atom?"

Every language has its own slang. These slang words or phrases come in and go out of fashion on waves of popularity. Often a movie picture will contain a clever saying, and, before long, it is communicated to thousands of people and becomes a standard expression. It may last for a week, perhaps a year, but, sooner or later, it will cease to be used and will become antiquated, hac'neyed, and a bit rusty from hard usage.

It is a lamentable fact that nowadays many people do not exercise much care in their mode of expression, but, if after you have given this article the once-over, and have decided it's "all wet", just forget it and murmur, "Bunk" !

◆ ◆ ◆

Dreamland

: : : Bette Hueston

*Life as it is, so accustomed to be
Burdened with care and strife,
Isn't it something to be able to dream
To live a separate life?
To dwell in a world free from all care
To watch only a rising sun,
To dance and dream in a heavenly spot
Where peace and contentment and music are one?*



*Dreamland—the murmur of a lazy stream,
Sundrenched sands, a forest green;
The merry note of an azure jay,
Children in the woods at play.
Dream—dream as you may—
For soon the sunlight filters away
Into evening. . . .*



*Dreamland—The tinkle of silver guitars,
Moonladen melody, a chorus of stars—
Dream as you may, for long 'ere dawn
The illusion is faded, the misted veil drawn.
And out of the Old a new day is born;
Wake—make Peace with the Morn!*

*And though there's sorrow and things go awry
Remember there's "Dreamland"—bye and bye.*

2nd Prize Poem.



«« ALUMNI »»

Editor—BETTY INKSATER

THE Central Collegiate Institute has acquired a fine reputation through the success of her graduates. Last year the students who left this institution had among them as much talent and ambition as has been shown in any other year. We are proud of what they have already accomplished and wish them every success in future years,

At Western

Lillian Aikenhead	Jean Marshall
Edward Aust	Margaret May
James Balfour	Shirley Messer
Mary Beattie	Robert Moore
Rosalind Beill	Helen O'Neill
Walter Brandy	Jean Paterson
Beverly Brent	Frank Read
Colin Brown	Ronald Ritchie
Frederick Brown	Margaret Roberts
Robert Calcott	Lorraine Rolfe
George Campbell	Marion Seagar
Olive Douglas	Douglas Shales
Ross Garnett	Hyman Shapiro
James Grant	Mervin Sharpe
Sybil Harcourt	Beryl Shuttleworth
Hadden Harrison	Chas. Spry
Edward Jeffrey	Lorne Spry
Alice Lethbridge	Robert Syrett
Alberta Letts	Campbell Taylor
James Lind	David Tennent
Patricia Little	Nora Waide
Marion MacLeod	Bill Walters
Gertrude McGaw	John Weir
Wm. McLeod	Olaff Wolff
Jean McMartin	Isabel Young
Keith McNaughton	Rose Zankan
James Mark	

At Normal

Margaret Houghton	Frances Turner
Dorothy Lipsit	Norman Young

In Hospitals

Ruth Dallimore	Leah Richmond
Gertrude Grantham	Mildred Toles
Helen Grieve	Ruth Wyatt
Jean Mathews	

In Other Cities

Eileen Dell	John Leach
Bill Douglas	Elva McKay
Dorothy Henderson	Arthur Smyth
Jas. Kirkpatrick	Nora Rean
Janet Kirkpatrick	

in whatever field of business or learning they may enter. We will remember them with pride both for what they have contributed to the Central Collegiate Institute while within our gates and for what they may do to add to the fame of our graduates.

—Editor

In Business

R. I. W. Archer	Harry Manuel
Ruth Burgess	Avis McRobert
Leonard Carling	Edwin Nitchie
Richard Dodd	Fred Perkins
James Doherty	Wm. Perkins
Nelson Foster	Jack Quick
Robert Graves	Norman Ray
Harold Greaves	Reg. Saville
Ken Harper	Robert Vail
Robert Haslett	John Weeks
Erie Hilton	Nelson Weston
Wm. Legg	Norman Wortreau

At Other Universities or Colleges

Clara Bending	Royal Jeffrey
Dorinda Brickenden	Jean Lawson
Katherine Clark	Bertha Leach
Ruth Feeney	Alan Little
Richard Guthrie	George McNeill
Helen Higgins	Netta Morrison
Lloyd Hooper	Nancy Orr
Barry Hunt	Margaret Rogers
John Hunt	Morris Wearing
Henry Irving	

At Other Schools

Robert Auty	Leonard Lumsden
Winston Aylsworth	Eleanor MacIntyre
Ernest Bradley	Sam McNeven
Joyce Butchart	Thelma McRae
Margaret Challis	George Miller
Doris Chiera	Lois Miller
Stella Cook	Harold Mitchell
Edna Coslett	Joyce Murfin
Stewart Cuttell	Harry Nugent
Jeanne Dawson	Earl Peckham
Betty Dunn	Jean Pressey
Wm. Dykes	Bill Robinson
Bernyce Earl	Jim Robinson
George Edwards	Marjorie Rowley
Beth Farnam	Frank Sanham
Margaret Ferrier	Harry Sanham
Doris George	Keith Schram
Eileen George	Colin Simpson



STUDENTS' UNION EXECUTIVE

In Memoriam

THE tragic news of the death of Margaret May was the cause of much sorrow at the Central Collegiate Institute. While Margaret was present here she contributed much to the institution and endeared herself to staff and students by her excellence of disposition and fineness of spirit. Margaret was well known as a splendid student and as

a real sportswoman. Last year, being a member of the Girls' Athletic Association Executive Committee she enhanced her reputation as a leader among the girls. We extend to Margaret's relatives and friends our sincerest sympathy and assure them that her memory will always serve as an inspiration to us, who knew and appreciated her at this school.

Nora Grant
Lawrence Griffin
Helen Henderson
Valetta Henderson
Geraldine Hooper
Eileen Jackson
Genevieve Johnston
Douglas Johnstone
Edna Lindfield
Dorothy Lockhead

June Simpson
Donna Sullivan
Gordon Sutherland
Terry Swayzie
Margaret Turnbull
Betty Wolff
Norman Wright
Louise Wyatt
Norene Young

Guy Birch
Lorena Burnett
Eileen Campbell
Effie Camwell
Margaret Carmichael
Ruth Chamberlain
Stella Cook
Grace Couch
Sam Courtney
Bertha Cox
Madeline Demas
Daisy Devereux
Blanche Donald
Phyllis Dow
Hector Gilbert
Mary Goldstine
Edna Hammond
John Howard
Mary Hudson
Isabel Kay

Clara Parker
Jack Payne
Isabel Powell
Mabel Pruss
Nigel Rodda
Robert Robertson
Cecil Ross
Mildred Scobie
Myrtle Scott
Wm. Scott
Norman Seigel
Jean Smith
Kathleen Swift
Sara Thompson
Roberta Finney
Chas. Waddell
Frank Whitehall
Eunice Williams
Doug. Wilson
Hilda Wood

Home or Elsewhere

Bernice Adams
Wm. Ainslie
Lillian Anderson
Helen Bagnall
Margaret Balkwill
Jack Baynes
Adjie Beal
Jack Bere

Isa Keys
Elsie Leonard
Archie Macpherson
Alice Mann
Kenneth Mattson
Jean Munro
Dorothy Nichol
Sally Nolan

Memories : : Elmer James

*The human heart may hide its secret springs,
May fetter Hope, and conquer Love, and yet,
With all our foolish strivings, there are things
We never can forget.*

*Within our hearts, some distant altar's flames
Leap upward, though by bars of steel encased;
And neath the embers, graven are the names
That cannot be erased.*

July 12, 1914.

Written by a former Central student killed in
action in the Great War.

STUDENTS' UNION EXECUTIVE

Front row—Mr. Shales, Miss Rymill, Mr. Johnson, Miss McCormick, Mr. Miller (principal), Anne Walden, Mr. Affleck, Miss O'Neil.
Second row—Mr. Webb, Tom McLean, Jessie Schaef, Mr. Adamson, Elizabeth Harvey, Mr. McCallum, Mr. Nethercott.
Back row—John Moore, Jim Bell, Clifford Sharpe, Bill Squires.
Absent—Edward Houghton.
Inset—Right—Terry Ferris. Left—Mr. Gray

OUR CREDIT RECORD SYSTEM

W. C. JOHNSON, Vice-Principal



Bill Downing

HUNDREDS of Central students have opened new bank accounts in which are deposited varying degrees of credit, and from which the student may draw as necessity arises. It is true the deposit made is not in cash, but it is in the form of collateral with greater purchasing power than money where school "commodities" are concerned. The "amount" to the credit of each student

is based on the student's record during the past year. The "amounts" would have been larger in many cases had a year's notice of the introduction of the system been given, but it was felt that it would be better to allow the pupils to reap the advantages immediately than to postpone them for a year. It speaks well, however, for our school that so many could show such splendid records as a matter of school routine.

Our credit system is designed to provide for the extension of recognition and reward to deserving students. A credit for punctuality is given to those who were not late last year, a second is

given for regularity, and a third for conduct, where the student has not been a conduct case during the year. It is thus possible to have one, two or three credits. Where three credits are obtained each year to the end of the fourth year, the student is given Senior Alpha ranking during his fifth year, with a pin at the end of the year if the ranking is retained.

The system affords a threefold reward to the student—an extension of favours and privileges in keeping with ranking throughout the pupil's school course; consideration up to the credit limit in connection with penalties for minor offences; and the Senior Alpha ranking with pin.

Space will not permit publishing the names of all those with credit ranking. Our first Senior Alpha ranking has been won by Bill Downing, who has a perfect record for his four years. Ruth Robinson, of the fourth year, and Lloyd Walden, of the third, have a credit three for each year to date. Those obtaining a credit three for the year 1933-4 are:

Bedggood, Howard; Linnell, Margaret; Leighton, Jim; Chapman, Lucy; Botterill, John; Lutz, Bruce; Storey, Jack; Smyth, Barbara; Grant, Dorothy; Manning, Owena.

The Stars in Their Courses

THE study of astronomy is supposed to be very fascinating. Some people spend their time studying the cold stars of the Milky Way, but as Centralites, we are intensely interested in the stars that outshine all others in the course of the different activities.

Whenever an outstanding act of heroism is mentioned, we think of **Allan Beirnes**, who rescued a woman from her flaming home last winter. He climbed through a window, located the unconscious woman with difficulty, and passed her to helpers outside. For his bravery and courage Rover Squire Allan Beirnes received a medal from the Sixth London Boy Scout Group and the Gold Medal of the Royal Life Saving Society.

Albert Goldberg and his brother **Bernard** also rank among Central's heroes. This summer at Gibbons Park they rescued a little girl from drowning. They applied artificial respiration and the child recovered later in a hospital.

In addition to our stars—**Terry Ferris**, "**Poppy**" **Nevin**, and **Diana Pope**, mentioned elsewhere in the magazine, we are proud of **Hope Zurbrigg**, who won the Gertrude Huntley Green scholarship in music at Alma College. This enables her to study with Mrs. Green, while attending the college. Hope is also a gold medalist

Dorothy Phillips

and has won outstanding honours at the Sarnia Music Festivals.

Helen O'Neil is Central's academic star. She completed her public school course at Komoka in three years, entered Central and graduated with honours at fourteen years of age. She has the distinction of being the youngest student ever to enter Western.

Jean Tennent is the brightest star in the art firmament. At the Western Fair, this year, she won first prize in pen and ink drawing, first in lettering, and seconds in lino-cuts, illustration and freehand water colours. Jean illustrated the illuminated address which was presented to Terry Ferris.

June Simpson won first prize at the Fair for posters and illustration and third for lettering.

Others who received prizes in the school art competition at the Fair are: Jean McNally, George Miller, David Gerry, Dorothy Lipsit, Patricia Loughlin, Stuart Gordon and June Streeter.

Everyone adores a yo-yo and, of course, that includes our star "yo-yoer," **Jack McLean**. He is an accomplished exponent of the elusive art and recently won the thrilling, nerve-wracking yo-yo contest, held in Victoria Park. Jack modestly and shyly claims that his success was only due to his natural skill and ability.

THE ADDRESS

WHEN we gathered in the auditorium, to wish Mr. T. M. Ferris, our student president, farewell on the event of his coming trip to Australia, the original of the reproduction below, was presented to him on behalf of the Staff and Students of Central. The original consists of two pages, illuminated in purple and gold, and is the work of Miss Jean Tennent. As this will stand for a lasting token of our esteem for Terry, we have entered it here.

Editor.

o Mr. T. M. Ferris

The Staff and Students of the London Central Collegiate Institute wish to take this opportunity to express their congratulations on what you have accomplished in the past and their felicitations on what we all hope you will accomplish in the future.

You have to your credit some very notable achievements in the field of athletics. You have set an example worthy of emulation in your consistent endeavour to train regularly and faithfully, to strive energetically and honorably and to achieve with all the highest ideals and noblest traditions of good sportsmanship over in your mind.

You have represented this Institution as a member of our Junior Hockey Team, our Intermediate and Senior Track and Field Team and our Senior Basket-Ball Team. You have also won the Cross-Country Run for three years in succession and have been a finalist in our Tennis Tournament for Boys.

You have also to your credit a good record in Scholastic attainment, one of which you need not be ashamed. You have consistently endeavoured to carry out a well balanced program in your career.

You have also made your contribution to the work of the Student Organizations of this Institution. You have always displayed the spirit of loyalty, enthusiasm and cooperation in this connection.

W. D. Johnson
Director of School Activities

Anne M. Horan
Vice-President of Students Council

Everton A. Miller
Principal



Peter's Failing

PETER CRANDALL'S greatest failing from early boyhood had been his memory—or lack of memory. He forgot everything—dates, anniversaries, birthdays, and faces, and once he had forgotten his own name.

Thanks to the efficiency of his secretary, Miss Leon Craig, Peter got along very well in business affairs. She made all his appointments and saw that he kept them. This success in business gave Peter the very brilliant idea of having her similarly take care of his personal affairs. Therefore, they made up a complete list of Peter's relatives and friends with their addresses, birthdays and likes and dislikes as well as their peculiarities, if any. It was part of Leon's daily routine to remind him of any special occasions connected with these people and remember them suitably.

Barbara, his wife, noticed a decided improvement in his memory but was fortunately unaware of the cause. Because Barbara, who had been the chief sufferer from his mental lapses, was a bit jealous of Leon, Peter decided to say nothing of this new and successful arrangement.

One morning with a clear conscience and easy mind, Peter entered the breakfast room, and stood his golf bag against the wall.

"Good morning, Babs," he beamed cheerfully. "Morning," she returned briefly. "I can see that you have had no trouble remembering what day this is at any rate," (with a sardonic eye on the golf bag).

Peter's sudden slight remonition of trouble was reassured by the thought of his "personal" file at the office.

"Oh yes, I remember, my dear," he said aloud, "but I thought you wouldn't mind if I played golf this afternoon—or can I do something for you?"

"I don't think so," his wife replied rather

Miriam Rosenthal

curtly. "You would only be in the way, but remember, I will never forgive you if you keep dinner waiting. I have so much to do today as it is."

While Peter drove to the office, his thoughts were busily engaged in trying to recollect just what day it was, but he was no nearer a solution when he arrived. Immediately, he rang for Leon but, to his consternation, there was absolutely nothing listed on his personal memoranda for January 24.

In the rush of the morning's work his worries slipped into the background, but returned when his golf partner called for him. Together, they thought up a "foolproof" plan to save Peter's skin and went off to their game in high spirits.

At nearly seven Peter remembered that Barbara had said "dinner on time." He was almost home when he remembered that he had brought neither flowers nor candy to square any lapse of memory. After much skirmishing around, (for most shops were closed) he arrived at his apartment an hour and a half late. A bit hesitantly he rang the bell, for as usual, he had forgotten to take his key. No answer—he rang again—still no answer.

The voice of the janitor interrupted his horrified musings.

"Good evening, sir. Mrs. Crandall told me to give you this note, if I saw you here." Peter thanked him and, after lengthy deliberation, got up sufficient courage to open the note.

"Dear Peter," he read—

"If, as usual, you have forgotten, I might just remind you that this is the day we move, and if you want any dinner, come over to the new address, 325 West Fifth St."

Next morning a "moving day" card was added to Peter's "personal" files in the office.



The Flush of Morn : : Emily E. Moore

Honourable Mention.

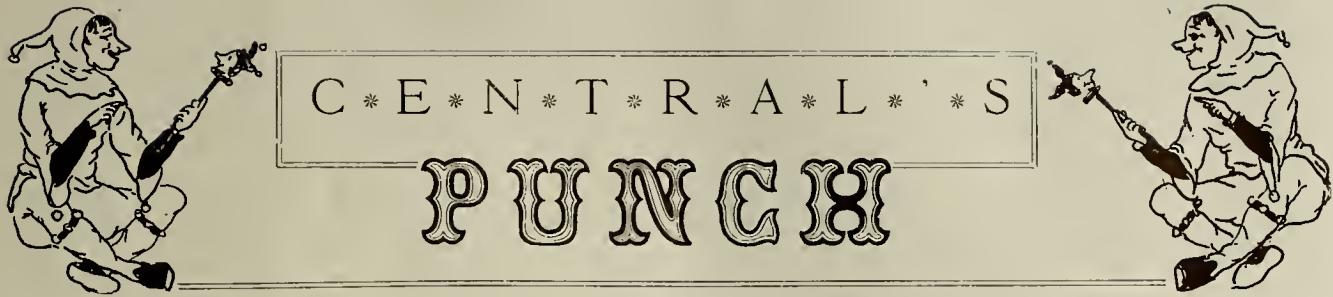
*A hazy mist o'erspreads the sky,
The eastern heavens glow;
Out on the hills, alone I lie,
And watch the morning grow.*

*The silence is unbroken,
Save for the lark's sweet song,
Winging its way towards Heaven,
To greet the rising dawn.*

*The flush of morn is reddening
The sun peeps o'er the hills;
And down at the foot of a rocky steep
Is the rippling rush of a rill.*

*The heather grass is twinkling
With early morning dew;
And through the trees, beyond the dales
Is a broad expanse of blue.*

*The dawn creeps on unheralded;
The day-star disappears;
The husbandman comes forth anon
To till the crops he rears.*



[Continued from last year]

"Cry, and you cry alone"

PUNCH WANT ADS.

They never pay.

If you have anything to buy, sell or rent,

Don't phone us—Met. 123.

Wanted—A room by two gentlemen, about thirty feet long and thirty feet wide.

Wanted—Furnished apartment, suitable for gentleman with folding doors.

Wanted—Respectable widow wants washing for Tuesday.

For Sale—Piano, by a lady with carved legs.

B. Flat—Music teacher.

Acme Clothing Store—is offering an exceptional value in two-pants suits at 33.50. They won't last long.

For Rent—A strictly modern 6-room house, by Mrs. Smith, freshly painted inside and out.

Are You—Suffering from a general run-down condition? Do you sometimes get so despondent that you feel as if you would like to die? Put your case in my hands and get immediate results.

Dr. I. Dope M.

The New Ply M Baker—Admirably suited to the needs of the tired business man with a large family. It is a snappy one-seated model with a quick get-away.

The Cuttem Barber Shop—Wishes to announce that while our building is being remodelled our customers will be shaved in the back.

Wanted—A man to take care of a horse, who can speak German.

Wanted—A boy who can open oysters with references.

Wanted—A position in a cabaret; no bad habits; willing to learn.

—Leslie Wheable.



INQUISITIVE
CENTRALITES
GATHER INFORMATION
ABOUT THE ANTIPODES.

Note—This Kangaroo cannot jump backward.

A DARK DEED

Darkened room
Fading light
Heavy gloom
Deadly white

Faint heart
Never flinches
Glassy stare
Hand clinches

Little courage
All done
Choking gurgle
Deed done

Without shudder
Heart recoil
Calmly drinks
Castor Oil

—Stu. Spofford

AS PLANNED

I think you will admit, sir, that the quality of my work during the last five years has been such that other students of the institution find it rather difficult to reach the standard I have set. I speak more in pain than in anger when I say that it has been a matter of profound surprise to me to note that you have not seen fit to acknowledge my value to the institution by giving me a timetable suiting my own personal wants. I think that I may say that I have been patient. I have continued my efforts with unremitting zeal, and I think that I may flatter myself that my endeavours have not been without result. Many students of this centre of learning have faithfully followed the example that I have set, and have therefore improved greatly their attitude toward school activities. I am sorry to have to force you into a decision but I think I owe it to myself to say candidly that unless you see the matter in the same way I do, I shall feel obliged to go to someone in a position to give me exactly what I desire in the way of a timetable.

* * *

AS DELIVERED

If you are not too busy, sir, there is something I would like to speak to you about. In fact, the truth of the matter, in fact, is exactly—well, sir, I was precisely wondering whether—of course I know this is a bad time—but to tell you the truth, sir, I have been wondering—of course it is just as you think best and I wouldn't think of insisting, but after all, perhaps I have made a mistake in mentioning it, but I was thinking that possibly you might bear in mind the idea of a new timetable for me at some future date.

When I Set Out for C.C.I.

MARION FACEY

III. Year

When I set out for C. C. I.
About eight blocks away.
The frost was in the air.
And hydro lit my sleepiness
When I set out for C. C. I.
About eight blocks away.

What would bechance at C. C. I.
While I was 'working' there.
No teacher dare declare
Nor did the wisest parent guess
What hours were spent in idleness
While I was fooling there.

When I came back from C. C. I.
With nonsense in my head
My friends all sadly said
All knowledge learned was dead,
When I came back from C. C. I.
With nonsense in my head.

* * *

"THE SOO"

If you are travelling for pleasure
If you are traveling for fun
If you are travelling at leisure
Or to make a little "mon."
If you want to die in transit
Before your trip is through
You never need to chance it—
Get a ticket to the Soo.

They run all trains at midnight
Because they think it pays.
They never run by daylight
And never on week days.
The train they call the passenger
Is laid out for the freight
The conductor sends a message
To say she's two days late.

I once drove into Fessenden
Some time in early June.
They said the train was due there
then
But might not come 'til noon.
She did not come at all that day
I asked the agent why.
He said he really couldn't say.
There'd be one in July.

I drove to Harvey for Sunday rest.
My livery I released.
But Monday trains do not go west
Saturday none go east.
Two days I stayed—I hate to tell,
I swore 'till the air turned blue,
I'd go to L. in a diving bell
Before I'd take the Soo.

—Anon.

ONLY A DAY

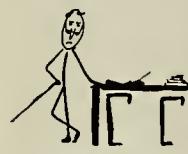
ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN WONG



Big Ben wakes me up again



When I arrive I'm in a flurry



A speech or two from a teacher, I fear



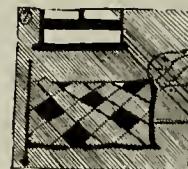
On the other side there's Jean and Phill



Then out to lunch—the same old thing



Forget about work and have some fun.



Hit the hay

Ding-a-ling-a-ling-a-lain
Big Ben wakes me up again.
Oh dear, the bell rings on the dot
And here is hoping my coffee's hot.
There goes the bell aringing eight,
Where is that Latin that I hate?

Eight-fifteen says St. Paul's clock,
And I see the girls all in a flock.
I get my books in such a hurry
When I arrive I'm in a flurry
The bell starts ringing and school
has begun
Out with books and away with fun.

English first and then P. E.
Next the subject I never could see.
French, of course, and then we hear,
A speech or two from a teacher I fear
That subject History will come next
Then is Botany I'll be vexed.

Then out of school the gang will flow
And I'll see a lot of kids I know
There's Slick and Dick and Jack
and Bill:
On the other side there's Jean and
Phill,
But who could that be playing tennis
Why, don't you know, it's Harry
Dennis.

Then out to lunch the same old thing
Something else why don't they bring
Up from the table I grab a book,
Open it up and take a look
My little alarm says one o'clock
I'll have to go to be with the flock.

Then to Latin, Miss Thomson you
know
Geography next with marks so low.
Then is Algebra and I confess
When I get in there I'll be a mess.
The bell it rings, and school is done
Forget about work and have some fun.

Then we have dinner and what a dish
To-day is Friday and thus it's fish
I go to a show and laugh with glee
How happy I am it's plain to see.
I turn off the lights and hit the hay
Oh well, it's just another day.

—Norman J. Whipple,

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Don Miller says that coffee poured down the sink will purify it. His father has long advocated this method of disposing of the coffee made by Don.

Wilson Reason and Chuck Seager say that many of their big song hits have been written in bed when they couldn't sleep. Insomnia is a terrible infliction.

Bob Tamblyn says that during the summer somebody stole his watch, which was out of order. He declares that if he catches him he'll see to it that he gets the right time.

John Moore says "Ripe plums help to keep you slim, but you must be careful not to add too many stones to your weight."

Marion Keene says the average man is enough to prove that any woman will take a joke.

THE THUNDER FALLS

*The thunder falls on Central's walls,
And gloomy classrooms old in error;
The light reflects on every desk,
And lazy pupils leap in terror.
Work, students, work, get your pencils flying,
Work, students, work, or you'll soon be sighing.*

*O hark O hear how thin and clear,
The old excuses used again;
O harsh and loud with all heads bowed,
The teacher says "Come use your brain".
Work, students, work, your fingers to the bone,
Work, students, work, or 'twill be late when you get home.*

—CHAS. SEAGER (with apologies).

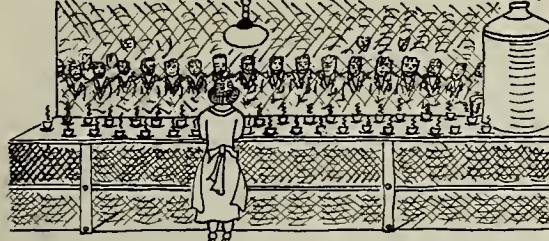
Douglas Finley



HOME FROM THE FIRST YEAR PARTY

TITLES OF NEW BOOKS IN OUR LIBRARY

HUNGER FIGHTERS (LCC1.CAFETERIA 12:05 PM)



*MICROBE
HUNTERS
(ROOM 2LCC1)*



CHILDREN OF THE DAWN

(LCC1 LIBRARY 8:40-9:00 AM)



HILAIRE LITTLE'S

ELECTION SPEECH

"Mr. Chairman, Worthy Contestants, and Fellow Pupils, 'Please lend a little ear to my pleas' and 'I'LL MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES,' for I feel as 'FIT AS A FIDDLE,' 'WITH MY EYES WIDE OPEN.'

Last night—at 'ONE MINUTE TO ONE' I thought to myself 'AND I STILL DO' that 'IT'S FUNNY TO EVERYONE BUT ME.' It is 'TRUE' that 'FOR ALL WE KNOW' 'I MAY NEVER HAVE A CHANCE' to appeal to you again.

"Now, to my nominators 'THANKS' said 'STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER, RIGHT FROM THE HEART.'

"'MAY I' for 'ONCE IN A LIFE TIME' ask you to 'DO ME A FAVOUR.' Don't be a 'SLEEPY-HEAD,' 'PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET' and come out and vote for Hilaire Little for Treasurer of the Girls' Athletic Association and 'I'LL BE FAITHFUL.'"

* * * *

Orlon Hall—"My father's a teacher, I can be educated for nothing."

Aleck Young—"That's nothing, my father's a clergyman, I can be good for nothing."

SCHULE DAIES

(With Apologies to Chaucer)

*In ye goode olde daies beyond recall
I didn't go to schule at alle
Yon daies were full of peace-fulle bliss
And alle daie longe I think of this.
When I was smalle, tu smalle in fact
I began mi schule and never lacked
The joie that thrills the youth-fule harte
When to ye schule he startes to starte.
But mi joie did knot laste longe
And sune I sang a sorrie songe.
For I nu to mi dismae
That I could never have mi sae.
And so frum that farre daie to this
Sumthing's allewaiers bin amiss
Whene'er I rise to voice mi wurd
They calle mi thots just tu absurde.
And sum daies I miss mi schule
For which I oft am called a fule
Juste tu talk with beaste and burrde
And sae sum things I'm glad arn't hurrde.*

—Wilson Reason.

❖

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

The blizzard raged—blinding snow wet him to the skin, and the cold biting wind chilled him through as he struggled, gasping, panting, ever struggling onward. His head was bent against the driving hail as he trudged through the snow. Suddenly he pushed on harder, trying to reach his goal. Then before him loomed his destination—he ran forward eagerly—stumbled into Central just as the bell rang.

—Ruth Detwiler.

❖

The room was silent with breathless expectation. The throbbing of the weary organ became slower.

✓ HOW CENTRAL STUDENTS GOT THEIR NAMES

How did Central students acquire such strange names? Intensive search failed to give a clue to this mystery. Recently, however, workmen, repairing the corner-stone of our scholastic home, discovered a parchment which had apparently been placed there at the time the building was erected. It contained the following story which archaeologists, who have read it, declare might reasonably account for the origin of the names of some of those now enrolled in our school.

The *Strong*, *Young*, *English King* gave a *Ball*. Invitations were sent to dignitaries of *Church* and *state*. The *Butler* admitted the *Guests* into the great *Hall*. These included an *Earl*, a *Pope*, a *Bishop*, a *Dean*, a *Judge*, *Parsons* and two *Dam-piers*.

The *Cook* who had ordered a large *Fish* was horrified when a *Whale* was delivered. "This will not do," cried the *King*! "Let us go *Hunt a Fox*." All were *Keene* to go and they set out for the *Woods*. Before long they caught sight of a *Gray Wolff* but were unable to hit the *Mark*. "Crouch here on the *Moss* and keep your *Gunn* ready. Something *May* come by," said the *King*. This *Ruse* was successful. Soon a *Dean* came in sight over a *Little Hill*, and with one *Schott* the *Judge* was able to *Pierce* it from *be-Hynd*.

They gave a *Strong Porter* a *Nickle* to put the game in *Sachs* and carry it *Back* to the banquet *Hall*. Served with *Mustard* and with *Bean(s)* and delicious rolls which the *Baker* made from *Whit Flower*, supplied by the *King's Miller*, a *Wright* good time was had by all. According to the *Storey*, the party broke up without a single *Aikenhead*.

—Leslie Wheable.

HOROSCOPE

*As I gaze into the future, to the years that are to be
For our famous London Central many changes do I see.
The students come in aeroplanes, the teachers come in cabs
The students soon discover that there are not any "labs."
They are not bored by Latin, there's no such thing as Greek.
But Arithmetic classes are had by all, as often as once a week.
The hours are greatly lessened. We do not come till ten,
At twelve o'clock the school bell rings to let us out again
We're back again at two o'clock and study hard till three,
Our labours are over for the day; and now we're served high tea.
We do not toil for hours at night, with books piled 3 feet high
Nor worry lest our small attempts next day will not get by.
The teachers do the homework, while the students "gadabout".
They memorize the Caesar and the Virgil lines they "sprout"
(For information on sprouting lines see Miss O'Neil)
Now on our well-trained teaching staff there's not a single crank.
Each takes a joke with kindly smile and laughs at a clever prank.
For every day a "Comp." is late, a mark is added on
And if it's handed in on time, our chance to pass is gone.
Half days are given for rugby games, and also swimming meets.
While frequently we have a day for special kinds of treats.
It grieves me much to think of these as changes yet to come,
But the happy thought of such a pass, just makes my senses hum.*

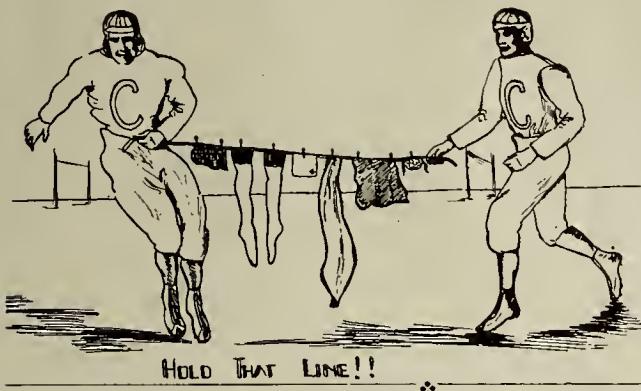
—Hilaire Little.

The heavy silence between each beat became longer. Would the struggle be too great? It was a critical stage. Faintly came a chime from the village church which seemed to try to guide the faltering beats. Slower—slower—slower until, overcome by the terrific struggle, the clock stopped.

—Jean McNally.

He sat with a worried frown on his handsome face, his long slender white hands gripping the ends of the shining table top. He must tell them now. Could not the gods whisper to him what he must answer to this startling question. Yes, it came now from directly behind him. Na CLO2 Sir.

—Isabel Cruickshank.



HOLD THAT LINE!!

HEAD LIGHTS

Editor—Walter Shives.

*Gerald Wyant, Leslie Wheable,
Megan McNaughton, Christine
Bell, Geoffrey Miller, May Spears.*

SECRETARIES

Secretaries of any organizations have not an enviable position, and the secretaries of the school organizations will no doubt agree with the following:

"If he writes a letter it's too long.

"If he sends a postcard it's too short.

"If he issues a bulletin, he's a spendthrift.

"If he attends a committee meeting he's butting in.

"If he stays away he's a shirker.

"If he offers suggestions he's a know-all.

"If he says nothing he's useless.

"If the attendance at a meeting is slack he should have called up the members.

"If he calls them up he's a pest.

"If he asks a member for his subscription he's insulting.

"If he doesn't he's lazy.

"If a meeting is a success the committee gets the praise.

"If it's a failure the secretary gets the blame.

"If he asks for advice he's incompetent.

"If he does not he's swollen-headed."

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If the others won't do it
the secretary must.

PARODIES

One more unfortunate
Won't pay attention,
Sent to the office
To get a detention.

See now her lovely brow
Furrowed with care,
How could they treat her so,
Young and so fair?

Stare not so scornfully
'Tis not a mystery,
Think of her mournfully
Studying history.

Studying gloomily
Spurred on continually;
Friends all gone home—
Might write a poem.

Still all alone she sits
Long after four;
Plans are all shot to bits—
Won't shirk any more.

Owning her weakness
Her lack of attention,
And leaving with meekness
The room of detention.

—Marion Murray.

(Bridge of Sighs).

I saw the spires of Central
As I was passing by,
The red spires of Central
Against the cold gray sky.
My heart bled for the "Central-lights"
Who went inside to die.

The days go slow at Central,
The long reproachful days,
The hoary teaching staff look down
To stop all thoughts of play.
But when the school bell rings at
four

Six hours homework—what a bore!
(*Spires of Oxford*).

—Bette Hueston.

FOR SALE! FOR SALE!!

Wha'll buy my magazine?
It's a nice big book and pleasant reading.
Wha'll buy my magazine?
Just freshly off the press.

When you were dozin' in your beds,
Our editors with splitting heads,
Were seeking jokes and wise things said.
Which to the hungry press are fed.

Wha'll buy my magazine?
Come on now, don't be mean.
Wha'll buy my magazine?
It's the best you've ever seen.

—Chas. Seager (With Apologies.)

Shakespeare had a Phrase
For It.

For the Laundress—"Out damned spot."—Macbeth.

For the Diver—"I fain would die a dry death."—Tempest.

For the Bootblack—"Ay, there's the rub."—Hamlet.

For the Student—"Shall I not take mine ease."—Henry IVth.

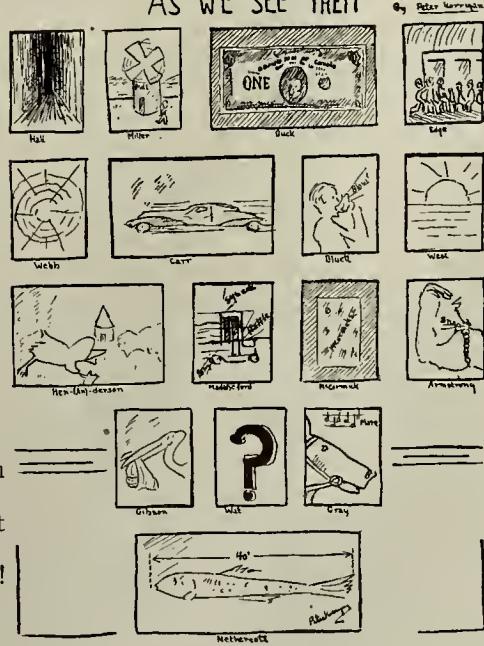
For the Tenant—"See what a rent."—Julius Caesar.

For the Basketball Coach—"Do not saw the air too much."—Hamlet.

For the Detention Students—"I have done the state some service."

—Othello.

AS WE SEE THEM





CENTRAL AT PLAY

ROUND ROBINS » »



Editors :

Pauline Crouch
Dorothy Phillips
Laird Bovaird
Don McClellan
Don Miller

Dear Centralites—

As you will notice, your school news section this year is in the form of the game known as "Round Robin," in which certain students have been assigned to write up the events about school during a short period. They have sent them in and here they are! We hope you like them.

—Pauline Crouch

◆
London, Dec. 8, 1933

Dear Students—

Today special exercises were held in honour of Premier Henry. After "O Canada" and the L.C.C.I. school song had been sung, Premier Henry gave a brief but inspiring address. He feels a great interest in all Ontario schools, and especially in Central Collegiate, because the staggered class system is being introduced, and may prove to be a model for other schools of the province. After stressing the value of education to the youth of Ontario, Mr. Henry concluded his message with an appeal to stop the emigration to the United States. "Believe in Canada," he said.

—Laird Bovaird



London, Jan. 3, 1934.

Dear Centralites—

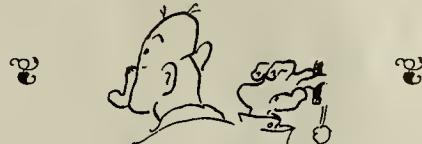
I must say I like this correspondence idea. It really does keep one in touch with the world. I had a fine New Year's holiday, in fact, so much so that it was with great reluctance that I came to

school this morning. However, it certainly was a treat to be greeted with a stirring but thought-provoking address by Rev. Mr. Finlay, of Robinson Memorial Church.

Basing his remarks on the title of a popular song, Mr. Finlay called his address, "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" He hastened to explain that he was not referring to that kind of dream (general laughter), but to the dreams of youth. It was most important, he said, to make these come true, that is, making them "walk." He illustrated by reference to men like Lincoln and Rhodes, both of whom made their dreams "walk." Finally, as the supreme example, he set forth Christ, who made His dream of redeeming mankind come true. In closing, the speaker reminded the students not to forget their dreams, and above all, to make them come true. It certainly was a worthwhile address.

Yours ever,

—Maurice Rosenthal



London, Jan. 1934.

Avast, Shipmates!

Just a few words to tell you about our Senior at Home. It was a tremendous success. All enjoyed themselves immensely. They tried an innovation in the way of tickets this year. They sold charming red and white St. Valentine's cards—dance programmes, so that we could arrange our dances beforehand. It was by far the nicest idea yet.

On arriving, we were greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Elizabeth Harvey and Jack Judge. At the appointed hour, the dancing began. And the music! Bill Robinson's orchestra was at its best, and played just the pieces that everyone liked.

During the intermission, we heard some impromptu entertainment. George "Jiddy" Campbell at the piano and Bill Avey with the traps gave a humorous selection about a ridiculous rabbit. Jiddy rendered the words in his own inimitable fashion. More dancing followed.

I mustn't forget to mention how lovely the auditorium looked with its red and white decorations. There were hundreds of balloons, and of course we had novelty dances.

Much to our regret, we broke up the party a little before midnight, after a most successful evening.

Onward, dear robin!

—Anne Walden

London, Feb. 9, 1934.

Dear Fellow Pupils,—

On this cold winter morning, we had a very interesting Address from Mr. West concerning the warm land of Egypt. His topic was Egyptian hieroglyphics. While any subject concerning this land bordering on the Nile always possesses mystery, Mr. West presented his information in such a way that many immediately left for Egypt to study these mysterious markings. I was surprised to learn that this ancient language has a definite alphabet, of which there are about twenty letters. The specialists on the subject have discovered that certain pictures and symbols will represent a letter or a group of letters. Mr. West also pointed out that it is only within the last century or so, that they have given forth their meaning to the world. The twenty minutes passed by far too soon, but may we hope to have such a pleasure again?

This game is certainly a good one.

—Frank Dowler



—Jean Tennent



Dear Colleagues—

The memory of this morning's auditorium period will stay with us for a long time. Mr. Hall, of the staff, spoke to us on, "I wish someone had told me when I was your age." Mr. Hall brought home to us the possibilities of another war in the near future and what it would mean to us as students. He reminded the boys that most of them would be vitally concerned and would be forced to face the horrors of a war, much worse than the World War, as far as cruel hardships and wholesale slaughter were concerned. Mr. Hall certainly made us think, and brought to us very vividly the danger in which we were standing. We were beginning to feel lost and helpless when Mr. Hall came to our rescue. "Stand up and voice your opinions," he said, "and let those in charge know that you, as the youth of the country, do not wish to throw away your lives for a useless cause —war!" Mr. Hall concluded by urging us to back all anti-war associations and to believe in the League of Nations.

We will, Mr. Hall; and thank you for your talk, which gave us so much to think about, and aroused our interest in the affairs of today.

How large our Robin is growing!

—Laird Bovaird

London, May 18, 1934.

Dear Students—

I received the "Round Robin" in the mail yesterday. It's getting to be quite a book to read! This morning, Col. Wm. Beattie gave a fine address on *Why War Should be Prevented*.

Col. Beattie, the president of the London Branch of the League of Nations Society, had been a chaplain during the Great War, and therefore knew whereof he spoke. His address, somewhat humorous at the outset, grew more and more serious. He told us frankly the horrors of war, which is not a parade behind a brass band. He stressed the importance of the co-operation of the youth of today. As conditions of today are identical with those of 1914, we must prevent a war which would involve the whole world. Indeed a startling, but necessary message.

—Ken. Hunt



May 26th, 1934.
Central C.I.

Hello Everybody:

Recently we were much indebted to Mrs. Calvert, president of the Women's Canadian Club, who introduced to us Doctor Ross, of Montreal, lawyer, book-reviewer, author and bibliophile. The topic of his interesting and entertaining address was "Modern Poetry." The delightful childhood poetry of Nathalia Crane was much enjoyed. Dr. Ross' address was liberally sprinkled with humorous remarks concerning punctuation and apartment houses.

Since one fine speech leads me to recall others, I remember that Mr. Porter, registrar of the Ontario Agricultural College, spoke to us about two months ago and told us of the type of work done in that institution. He pointed out the progress that had been made in the various departments and particularly in Bee-Keeping, Horticulture and Chemistry. He proved that the O.A.C. had more than justified its cost by the large amount it has saved for the farmers of Ontario.

In March Inspector Jennings, of Toronto, brought a few words of greeting and presented us with some very excellent advice.

Later, Principal A. C. Lewis, of East York Collegiate, Toronto, who was inspecting our famous staggered system, brought us greetings from his institution and delivered a humorous address that contained some fine advice for the future.

On April the sixteenth a representative of the Temperance Society presented an illustrated lecture on the subject "Alcohol and Health."

I hope, in closing, that my news has helped the Round Robin grow a little, either in length or width.

Yours truly,

—Donald Miller

London, May 28th, 1934.

Dear Scholars—

Every year at our **Prize Day Exercises**, honour falls where it is due, namely on those who by hours of conscientious hard work have succeeded in excelling the average student. To them were presented the prizes, medals and scholarships which were their reward.

We were fortunate in having with us today Mrs. John Rose, Mrs. A. A. McLean and Dr. J. G. Hunt, each in turn giving us valuable ideas in their few words of greeting as they presented the well-earned prizes. Mr. Gray, Mr. Nethercott and Mr. Johnson assisted in the presentations. By the applause which followed, we gather that the student body were well pleased with the choice of winners.

We join in wishing these fortunate students the greatest success in whatever they attempt in the future.

Certainly makes one feel like working harder, doesn't it?

—Frances Copeland



Mgt. Morrison

London, June 2, 1934.

High-ho, Centralites!

Gather around, while I tell you about the "**Grad**" **Banquet** last night. It was the climax of the year for us, and what a climax it was! The menu was excellent; it was served in the auditorium, which had been most attractively decorated in peach and green. Mr. Johnson officiated, and acted as toast-master. He introduced our guest speaker, the Rev. J. Bruce Hunter, B.A., D.D., M.C., who inspired and interested us by his message intended for us who were ready to leave the nest and try our wings in the great world. Then followed the Valedictory by Beverley Brent and Robert Syrett's cleverly delivered prophecy. The programme continued with a vocal solo by Jean Brown, and later, a cornet solo by Harold Scott. We finished off the perfect evening with dancing in the "gym" and left for home very tired, but very, very happy.

Thus another robin in our tree of friendship.

—Jack Judge

London, Sept. 4, 1934.

Hello Comrades!

My, oh my! What a hectic day is the **First Day of School**. Here we are all back together again, starting on a brand new term. It's just like turning over a new leaf—we're all going to do so much better, but, somehow, things just seem

to slide along the same as usual. Oh well, as somebody said, "Central students never are, but always to be, studious." However, let's not not ramble too far. This morning, as we slid into comfortable seats in the auditorium, for which Central is noted, we remarked with pleasure, that the entire teaching staff was back with us. This year there are no new faces on the platform. Too bad—we won't have the fun of finding out what the "new teacher" is like. We notice, a little regretfully, that many old familiar faces are gone, but cheer up, we have all the newcomers, whom we heartily welcome among us!

Here's hoping for a fine year!

—Laird Bovaird



London, September 15, 1934.

Attention, Students!

The Round Robin greeted my arrival home today. So many things I didn't know— The **Membership Drive** is certainly going over well. We got off to an early start this year, so the results will be forthcoming by the time our popular student president wanders from the protecting arm of our Alma Mater. It has turned out to be a short, snappy affair. The students are almost one hundred per cent. back of us. There seems to be much more school spirit and enthusiasm than in former years. Let's hope that it may mean a good beginning, financially, for the school organizations.

My duty is done!

—Joan Heslip

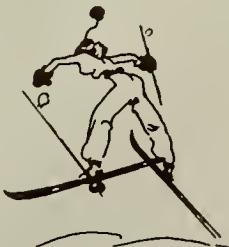


London, October 10th, 1934

Greetings Central!

Well how do you like the new **Year Organization Plan**? Don't you enjoy your weekly meetings with the rest of your year—those jolly, informal sessions when you discuss your business, make speeches, and sing songs. For my part, I think it's a fine idea. One can tell that the "year spirit" is already beginning to kindle, which of course looks well for a better spirit in the school as a whole. You know, these year meetings serve a twofold purpose. There are more students in Central this year than the auditorium can comfortably seat, and then, those seats at the rear of the main floor were always creaking, so the seats were removed and the overflow was sent to the Gym—each year meeting once a week.

Fifth year is making the most of the opportunity. Arrangements are being completed for the singing of popular songs, and already we have heard from Alice Der Stepanian in an interesting address based on her experiences in Europe, and



from Mr. Miller, who told us about the scholarships waiting for those willing to work. The Fourth Year have entrusted their entertainment to four committees, each one responsible for one programme a month.

To start out a year with such promise of cooperation and eagerness on the part of the students makes us quite sure that this year will be the best we've had for a long time.

Here's luck to the new idea!

—Pauline Crouch



Barbara Brown

Attention, Students!

London, Oct. 19, 1934.

Here's the inside story of last night's **First Year Party**. I was there acting as a waitress and now I'm going to give you the highlights of it.

To begin with, the Gym was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The tables were spaced throughout the room and each table was set for six. They were decorated in the traditional hallowe'en colours, orange and black, which was really quite effective. In the centre of each table was a card with the name of an animal on it, such as "pig" or "hare." These were the symbols of each group.

"Gong." The First Year thronged in, singing the school song in an awful chant. Ghostly pumpkin faces peered down from the balcony, while waitresses, selected from different years, prepared to serve the guests. When the teachers had made their more ceremonious entrance, the delicious meal began. Thanks to Miss O'Neil, it was well worth eating, and from the relish with which it was consumed, one could easily see that the First Year enjoyed it. Between courses Mr. Carr played "Pink Elephants," and our old favourite, "On the Road to Mandalay."

Our vice-president, Anne Walden, addressed the gathering, and expressed her hope that the Students' Council would be well supported by them this year. She certainly received a lot of assurance on that point! Then came a play in the auditorium, directed by Miss MacKinnon. The audience was soon enthralled in a plot, in which fabulous treasure is unearthed, and registered their approval at the end, by tremendous applause.

Yes, it was a great success!

—Marjorie Roulston



London, Oct. 26, 1934.
Ahoy, Shipmates!

The teachers are certainly doing their share in making the auditorium exercises interesting

this year. On Friday of last week, Mr. Entwistle gave a short talk on the simpler Points of Rugby.

Yesterday morning he continued his discussion, reviewing the meaning of certain technical words. He also discussed the "trick plays" of our Seniors' game with South the day before. Such words as "scrimmage" and "forward pass" were explained. We were all especially interested because today we are playing our final game with South Collegiate. Let's hope Mr. Entwistle's careful explanations will bring more rooters to Central's rugby games.

The robin doth expand.

—Geoffrey Miller

♦♦♦
London, Nov. 3, 1934.

Dear Fellow Students—

I believe the postman will soon need assistance to carry the "Round Robin" to its destination.

On Thursday of this week, when we came into the auditorium, we noticed with great anticipation that the curtains were drawn and that a soft yellow light could be seen under them. Another treat? Yes indeed; the **Fourth Year** were presenting a short skit, which they had formerly put on in the Gym. The plot was full of humour and suspense. A lawyer, just starting to practise, receives what he supposes is his first client. After keeping him waiting for a good while, he has his secretary show him in, while he pretends to talk "big business" over the phone. What a shock, when he finds his "client" has come to connect the telephone.



J. Syles

My goodness gracious! Such delightful things are happening around Central lately! This morning we unlucky stay-at-homes received a sparkling glimpse of the far away. Miss Thomson spoke to us of her trip to Europe which she undertook last summer with Miss Roddick. After their stay in England, they set out for Scandinavia, where a friend of Miss Thomson lives (we are not told whether or not in an igloo). Upon their arrival at Bergen, they were greatly confused by water faucets which turned the wrong way, and by door-knobs in the shape of handles. Here also a disappointment was in store for them. The reindeer, which they had looked forward to seeing, were on the other side of the range, and quite out of sight.

Today, from Miss Thomson's chat and a few days ago, from Miss Roddick's, it is quite evident that they both enjoyed their trip immensely. However, we hope they're glad to get back.

—Wilson Reason

London, Nov. 6, 1934.

To My New Friends,—

This morning one of the incidents that have attracted my special attention throughout my short attendance at Central, took place. The exercises were progressing somewhat uneventfully, when to my surprise, the curtain was gradually drawn aside, displaying the members of the **Newly-Organized Glee Club**, who had ranged themselves effectively around the piano. At a commanding note by Mr. Carr, the hall immediately vibrated with the sweet notes of the girls and the deeper tones of the boys. To us were presented three songs, all of which exhibited very concentrated training for such a short period of practice. The first performance of the Glee Club was a success!

Hope we have more nice surprises like that!

—Tennice Gibbons



London, Nov. 13, 1934

Hello Central—

Last night all the executives of the student body met in the school for the **Executive Banquet**. Mr. Johnston took up his usual post as master of ceremonies and started the evening off. After an excellent meal the speeches began. Following a worth-while address by Mr. Miller, Anne Walden introduced each member of the Students' Council in a very unique manner. Margaret Milroy, accompanied by Florence Dewar, was the soloist of the evening. This was followed by a short speech from the members of the staff who act as "Guardian Spirit" of each year. Then, under the leadership of Mr. Carr, we sang many favourite songs, old and new. This very enjoyable evening was concluded with the singing of the school song and "God Save the King."

Our "Round Robin" must be nearly fully grown.

—Bette Inksater



This Robin had a Limp

London, Sept. 24, 1934.

Attention Central!

As you know, the election campaign has been going on all this week and the speeches have been really good. Originality and ready wit have been very marked in most of them, this year. Of course candidates for year offices spoke only before their respective years, while the students running for general positions spoke before the whole school.

There is a slight change in the Students' Council this year. The president and vice-president were selected by last year's Council. This year's Council is made up of the presidents of the Athletic Associations, the president of the Literary Society, as well as the presidents of the year executives.

This seems promising for a fine year!

—Jim Bell

Central, Nov. 16, 1934.

Hello Everybody—

We had a splendid time this evening at the **Second Year Party**, under the direction of Mr. McCallum, our master of ceremonies. The programme began with the Pantomime directed by Miss Wyatt and Mr. Carr. This was followed by the main play, directed by Miss Roddick, entitled "They Got What They Wanted," a melodrama which excited intense interest among the audience. Then the amusements began. We were divided into four groups and, after fifteen minutes in one place the group changed about until each one had moved four times. A delicious banquet followed with a short address by Mr. Miller. Soon we were back in the Auditorium for dancing which lasted about an hour.

At Mr. McCallum's suggestion, all the boys helped to put the chairs away, which, as somebody said, was the best part of the party.

—George Der Stepanian



London, Nov. 17, 1934.

To My Central Chums—

Thursday morning **Mr. L. R. Macgregor**, the Australian trade commissioner to Canada, was welcomed to our Auditorium exercises. Through the medium of motion pictures we visited some of the interesting localities of his country. We saw the coral reef, and the caverns in which the stalactites and stalagmites are found. There were excellent views of the provincial capitals, and also of the main industries, mining, lumbering and sheep farming. The pictures of the kangaroos were especially interesting. Towards the end of this speech Mr. Macgregor made mention of an essay contest, the winner of which will be given a free trip to Australia. We wonder who the lucky one will be?

In our fifth year meeting in the "gym" this morning, **Miss MacKinnon** told us a few interesting facts about the little islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. These islands have clung to the ancient French customs, are governed by a French official, and speak the pure mother tongue. Their upper, or rather wealthier class, are the bootleggers, and while a little fishing is carried on, the people as a whole depend on the wine trade for their livelihood.

For this most interesting talk we thank Miss MacKinnon and hopes she speaks again soon.



—Marjorie Tasker

Senior



Junior



CENTRAL RUGBY TEAMS

Design by Jean Tennent




THE CENTRAL ... SPORTER

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LONDON, ONTARIO

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CENTRAL'S STARS WIN RENOWN

RUGBY TEAMS HAVE MADE SPLENDID RECORDS

Seniors and Juniors Perform Creditably

The senior team under Mr. Entwistle, opened their season at the South field against Sarnia, the new comer to our series. Our boys put up the usual good fight for which they are noted, but were defeated 11-8. The second game, which was a home game for Central, was played at Tecumseh Park against our old rivals the South Seniors. Again we found our boys at the wrong end of the score which was 5-2. This game was very close, and our boys showed up very well, fighting every inch of the way, several times obtaining their yards. The following week the Seniors went out to the Beck grounds and defeated them in an exceedingly well played game, the score being 8-6. Our next game was held in Sarnia; a splendid crowd accompanied our team down, but in a great sea of mud and water, they were beaten 6-0.

With the Juniors

Our Junior Team this year was rather light, but fast and experienced. After a month and a half or so of intensive training they opened the season at Western against the new Ilderton team which entered the series this fall. Central won this game 39-0, outclassing Ilderton in every way. The second game, against South, was a very exciting one and although we were defeated 9-8, our boys played well and showed us their true value, it was very close and splendid work was done by each member of our team. The third

game, which was our home game against Beck, was also played at Western. A splendid fight was given by our visitors but they were defeated 21-0. A week later our Juniors went out to Ilderton and there found a greatly changed team, although we took them 29-5, a team with such an amount of spirit and fight and with such a small amount of experience would be hard to equal—Good luck—Ilderton in your future campaigns.

The following game was the most important one of the whole series, it was against South again, held at Tecumseh Park. South was 2 points in the lead, and we were striving to tie them by winning. However, this was not to be, for in an extremely hard fought game, from which South emerged victorious, we were obliged to take second place in the city series, the score was 11-6.

The last game of the Junior series was held at Beck, and on a field covered with snow, Beck

Continued on page 96

CENTRAL RUNNER IN AUSTRALIA

Terry Ferris, L.C.C.I. Outstanding Athlete

Less than four years ago, when Terry Ferris started training for the annual cross-country run, little did he think that his prowess as a runner would win for him a trip to the opposite side of the world. However, he was interested in running and was not satisfied with anything less than his best. He paid strict attention to training rules, getting proper rest, using a suitable diet, carrying on a regular programme of training, and sacrificing many temporary pleasures in order to fit himself for a definite goal—his best. On his first attempt in the three-mile cross-country run he was the winner and has led the field each year since. On the track he has specialized in the half-mile event and the W.O.S.S.A. record that had stood since 1923 was broken this year when Terry bettered that record by several seconds. Besides his track records he has established an excellent athletic record in other activities, being prominent in rugby, basketball, hockey and tennis.

In academic work Terry has

Continued on page 81

London Honours Girl Athlete

Poppy Nevin Receives Ring

Isabel (Poppy) Nevin, 15-year-old girl athlete who broke three records in one night, was presented with a handsome signet ring on October 7th, by Mayor Wenige. Poppy broke the Canadian high-jump record, the former being 4 ft. 9 in.—the new, 4 ft. 10½ inch. She tied the Canadian 100 yard-dash for Junior girls and shattered the provincial mark. Poppy also broke the broad-jump record for the playgrounds. All of these were made on the same day, by the same girl.

His Worship the mayor said in making the presentation, "I have much pleasure in presenting you with this ring, and I hope every time you look at it you will remember it is the city's tribute to you for your achievements."

Alderman Skeggs asked Poppy if she took the legs of a frog and tied them on her own or if she watched a frog all day long to see how to jump.

Poppy thanked the Council saying that it was a great pleasure to accept the gift. She gave most of the credit to Bryce and Sam Munro for her success. She also said that it was her ambition to bring further honours to the city.

Mr. Doidge expressed confidence that Miss Nevin would achieve higher honour. "There were 400 children competing in the meet. If there had been keener competition in the 100-yard dash she probably would have broken two records."

Continued on page 75



SPORTLIGHTS

Hello, folks! A new column for our sport section, with brief comments about our Girls' Athletic Work and about some of our outstanding athletes. Hope you all like it.

The year 1933-34 was a great year for the girls' basketball teams. Although not always on the high end of the score, Central made some fine showings against their opponents, thanks to the capable coaching of Miss Henderson and Miss Armstrong.

Has anyone else ever noticed that when the gym is well filled with supporters, Central almost always comes out on top? Perhaps this has some significance. An enthusiastic crowd makes an enthusiastic winner.

Deck tennis is a new game at school and its popularity is rapidly increasing. To the girls who haven't tried it: Come out and test your skill!

Badminton proved to be popular last winter, with several girls entering the tournament. Lorraine Rolfe was the winner and Marion Bees, the runner-up.

Do you recall the time when Central had a girls' baseball team? Not a bad one, either. Some of us think there are girls in the school, quite capable of batting the baseball a fair distance, who would jump at the chance to play on a team. What do you think?

Basketball prospects for the coming year look exceptionally

L.C.C.I. MODEL AEROPLANE CLUB

For the benefit of those students, who have stood gazing in wonder, at the excellent replicas of modern aeroplanes, on display in the lobby of the library, and have wondered where they came from, we wish to announce the formation of the L. C. C. I. Model Aeroplane Club. Although the club is not yet very old, rapid progress is being made under its supervisor, Mr. Maddeford, and its president, Bruce McColl. A great deal is expected of it during the coming year. The officers of the Model Aeroplane Club are as follows:

President—Bruce McColl.
Vice-President — Don Mc-
Lennan.
Secretary—Fred Hammerton.
Treasurer—Stuart Spofford.
—F. Hammerton, Sec.

bright. With such outstanding stars as Jean McNally, Poppy Nevin and Marion McNaughton available, the senior team should do well.

Come on, Central, Up and At 'Em!

Another suggestion! Why not a track and field day for the girls? The boys have such a day annually. Is it because "the girls can't take it." If so, set a day and you will quickly change your minds.

Best wishes to all our athletes. Keep up the splendid work. Central is behind you in your efforts.



SENIOR W.O.S.S.A. HOCKEY TEAM, 1934

Back Row—N. C. Anderson, Russell Chubb, James Bell, Tom Hardie, Keith McNaughton, M. L. Entwistle.
Seated—Charles Seager, Melvin Stone, Bill Jay, Lawrence Griffin, James Doherty. Absent—Gordon Lever, Kenneth Hunt.

HOCKEY SQUAD ENJOYS A SPLENDID SEASON

Both Seniors and Juniors Play a Fast Game

The hockey season of 1933-34 was entered upon with much more enthusiasm, on the part of the school than it had been in previous years. This was due, perhaps, to the fact that both our senior and junior teams appeared to be of championship calibre.

The Senior squad fought its battles with the diminutive, but dynamic Bill Jay as anchor man and the way he held the nets down against all onslaughts and the way in which he encouraged the other members of the team certainly justified his election as captain. Jim Doherty and Larry Griffin, made up a hefty defence barrier as those who came against them learned to their dismay. The front line was composed of those three speedy gentlemen of Central, Jim Bell, Keith McNaughton and Gordon Lever. Their lone rushes and combination plays were certainly of an effective nature at all times. The "Big Six" were ably assisted by the alternate forward line consisting of go-hard Tom Hardy, as centre, assisted by the "Flying Bishop" Chuck Seager and our "Travelling Salesman," Mel Stone, on the wings. "Ross" Chubb, as the never failing defense man, was always the centre of attraction by his ready wit and good humour under all circumstances.

The W. O. S. S. A. schedule opened up on Tuesday, Jan. 16, when our Central Seniors played their first game with Tech. The game was watched by a large crowd of both Central and Tech supporters and their "dime" was well spent for there wasn't a slow second during the whole game. Both teams were very evenly matched as the resulting score of three-all proved. The Seniors' next battle took place the following Tuesday, Jan. 23, when they met their greatest rival, South. That enthusiasm ran high in both schools was evident by the number of supporters for both teams present and by the friendly display of rivalry between them. Central's squad proved to be definitely superior to South's and as a score of four to nothing, in favor of Central, piled up hopes ran high for obtaining the City Championship for Central. On Thursday, Jan. 25, the crucial game with Tech took place. All the Centralites seemed confident of victory. However,



DIANA POPE

GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE PLANS A BIG YEAR

During the school year 1933-34, the girls' athletics were under the guidance of a fine executive. Many entertainments were arranged and the girls entered into them enthusiastically. I think you will all agree that we had a very successful year.

For this year the prospects look even brighter. There are new treats in store for you, girls, and I know you are going to enjoy them.

The Girls' Athletic Association Executive and representatives for this year are:

President—Jessie Schaefer.
Secretary—Carol Phelps.
Treasurer—Hilaire Little.

Fifth Year Representatives—Marion Bees, Bette Inksater.

Fourth Year Representatives—Marion Keene, Aldean Johnston.

Third Year Representatives—Ann Little, Betty Birch.

Second Year Representatives—Jean Crawford, Isobel Nevin.

First Year Representatives—Marjorie Madge, Betty Scott.

Now, don't you think these officers are going to liven up the Girls' Athletics? Our ship is going to have a boisterous sea of fun to sail. Let's hold the sheet for them and make 1934-35 the best year yet. How about it, crew?

Reporters for Boys' Sports

Editors : Jack Guthrie, John Moore.

Reporters : Dudley Thompson, Tom McLean, Jack Robarts, Charley Seager, Kingsley Vogan, Lloyd Walden.

Hockey Squad Enjoys*Continued from preceding page*

extra weight and extra practices began to tell and the game ended with the close score of two to one in favour of Tech.

The final game for the Seniors in the City Championship was played on Feb. 1 with South. This second game was a very much closer one than first as South was out to redeem herself and it was just a touch and go at times as to who would carry off the honours. When the bell rang full time, however, the Central team was the winner by one goal, the score being two to one.

In spite of Central's victories over South the Championship was handed on a platter to Tech.

The Seniors spent the remainder of the season in matching their prowess against Strathroy, which although a rough and ready game was thoroughly enjoyed by all, resulting in the tie score of six all, and Woodstock, which game the Central squad won by a score of three to one.

Altogether the season was a very successful one, championship or not, because every game was a pleasure as far as the members of the team were concerned.

The junior aggregation went into battle on Jan. 16 to meet Tech and started the season with a bang by winning the game three to two. Their next game, however, with South on Jan. 23rd resulted in a victory for our Southern friends by a score of three to one. This seemed to discourage our boys a bit because on Jan. 25 when they met Tech for the second time the tables were turned and Tech won by a score of four to two. On Feb. 1st our squad met South for the second time, determined to win, and it certainly looked as though they were going to do so. However, South put up a desperate fight and managed to hold the score down to two-all. In the juniors Tech was also successful in obtaining the City Championship.

An exhibition game was played with Ingersoll by our juniors who piled up a score of five to Ingersoll's two. The last game of the season was a mighty combat between the Central Seniors and Central Juniors held the night of the school skating party.

The junior nets were well defended by George Miller and "Chink" McCallum. The blue line area was barricaded by Ted Collins, that effervescent star of every game, and Wilf Brown, the lad who always gets his man. The forward line with Jim Kirkpatrick as centre, Jim Leighton, left wing and that "chic" per-

London Honours*Continued from page 73*

Mr. Jerry Goodman said that never in his experience had he



POPPY NEVIN

met anyone so unassuming as Miss Nevin. It is really unique for a playground girl to hold a Canadian record. She is the first to have such distinction—And of course, we're proud of her too!

Do You Remember?

- When Central WOSSA girls' team was runner-up for Western Ontario championship losing out by one point to Windsor?
- When Central was represented by a splendid baseball team?
- When all the girls were obliged to wear middies and skirts for gym three times a week?
- When Central had a girls' track team which carried home many honours?
- The cheer that went up when the Badminton courts were first marked?
- When basketball was an endurance contest with high woollen stockings and heavy uniforms.
- When Central's first and second year girls' teams were the city champs for two years in succession?
- When the gym was crowded with proud parents, witnessing the combined prowess of the boys' and girls' gym classes in the annual Gymkana.

sonality Al Dobie, right wing, formed a fast moving attacking party which was hard to stop. These were seconded by Jack Baines, spare defence man, and Worth Chisholm. Stan Butler and Bill Downing comprising an excellent second forward line.

—C. F. B. S.

Inter-form Basketball Cup Presented to Third Year**Held First Place; Large Crowds Attend Their Games**

This year, on account of the lack of originality, the inter-form basketball teams adopted the same method as last year, that of naming their team after famous colleges or universities.

First year, according to custom, did some mighty queer things, but that's what the audience likes, so as a result they had grand turn-outs. Queen's crowned the season by heading the list with nine points to the good.

Second year, a little more mature, but nevertheless still childish enough to draw the flies, presented an extremely high grade of basketball. This time the Dalhousie team ranked first by seventeen points.

Third year was quite sophisticated; however, as they were really fine players, their sophistication was over-looked and the largest crowds came to see them play. Third year was lucky in having quite a few of the W. O. S. S. A. players on its team. McMaster's team topped the list by the narrow margin of three points.

In the play-off, third year successfully held first place and was presented with the inter-form basketball cup.

The presentation was made in auditorium by Helen Henderson, president of the G. A. A. The cup was received by Marion McNaughton, captain of the victorious team.

Much Enthusiasm Is Shown—Crowds At Gym**Teams Appreciate Support**

Do you remember when supporters became so enthusiastic at a game that they carried the hero off the field on their shoulders? We hardly expect that, but we certainly do appreciate your support.

Last winter the students turned out splendidly to witness the girls' basketball games. It was great! The girls felt as though someone was taking an interest in whether they won or not and thus played much better basketball. Maybe the game didn't turn out the way you wanted, but there is one thing, you can't help saying it was well worth watching.

This year the games are going to be even better, as the girls have now been initiated into having a crowded gym. And besides, they have had just one more year's experience. 

The girls wish to thank one and all for the full houses last year.

Reporters for Girls' Sports*Editor: Marion McNaughton]**Jean McNally**Joan Heslop**Ann Little**Dorothy Elliott**Hilaire Little**Marion Bees**Betty Patterson**Jean McGladdery**Christine Bell**Dorothy Grant*

JUNIOR W. O. S. S. A. HOCKEY TEAM, 1934

Left to right—Rear Row: N. C. Anderson, William Downing, Alan Dobie, Jack Baynes, Worth Chisholm, Wilfred Brown, Stan. Butler, M. L. Entwistle. Seated—Jack McCallum, Ted Collins, Jim Leighton, James Kirkpatrick, George Miller.



W.O.S.S.A. Juvenile Track Championship Team, May, 1934
Left to Right—Floyd Brown, Geo. Der Stepanian, William Wong, Geoffrey Miller.
W.O.S.S.A. Juvenile Champion, William Wong

Daring Feats Accomplished by Gym. Team

As the last strains from the orchestra floated out of the auditorium and faded away down the halls, the house lights flickered, and went out. The curtains parted, and the show was on!

Commencing with an unique assortment of pyramids, the team started the programme whizzing in true Central style.

Following this display of co-operative team-work, the boys presented some tumbling work, in pairs. In this section, the "Two Man Show" of Don Edy and Jack Quick deserves special mention.

After this was over, difficult feats were performed on the parallel bars. Then came the tumbling and springboard work, the latter proving to be one of the biggest attractions of the whole show, as the Central artists flipped and rolled about in the air.

Did You Know That---

Robert Smith (3rd year) holds the 1934 Dominion Intermediate Championship in archery and also the 1933 International Junior Championship?

Jack Judge (5th year) holds: (1) London City Junior Tennis Championship. (2) He reached the finals in Men's Open Championship for London City and also the semi-finals in the men's doubles?

And then came the Grand Finale—the spectacular stunts on the high-bar. A hush crept over the audience, broken only by the frequent spasms of appreciative applause, as the gymnasts swung about the bar in rhythmic circles.

As the final notes of "God Save the King" lost themselves amongst the empty spaces of the school, the audience filed out of the auditorium and went home with a feeling of having spent one of the most interesting and enjoyable evenings since the "Gymkhana" two years ago.

Members of the Gym team: Bruce Armstrong, Jack Bower, James Bowen, Clifton Clark, Kenneth Deane, Ted Delaney, Fred Eagan, Don Edy, Charles Graham, Sid Guymer, Fred Page, Harry Pope, Jack Quick, Bill Robinson, Bob Scott, Charlie Seager, Sid Shapiro, Orrin Simmons, Kingsley Vogan, Bob Waugh, Harold Whitehall, Douglas Wilson, Edward Wilson, William Wong.



GYMNASTIC TEAM, 1934

Left to Right—Top Row—Bob Scott, Ed. Wilson, Harold Whitehall, Chas. Seager, Don Edy, Orrin Simmons.
Centre—Bill Robinson, Bruce Armstrong, Clifton Clark, Jack Bower, Jim Bower, Fred Page.
Front—William Wong, Ted Delaney, Chas. Graham, Sidney Shapiro, Harry Pope, Kingsley Vogan.
Absent—Jack Quick, Fred Egan, Kenneth Deane, Robert Waugh, Douglas Wilson

GIRLS' SENIOR TEAM OFF TO A GOOD START

Last season was a very thrilling one in so far as Senior Basketball was concerned. The four competing schools were Beck, South, Central and Tech. The games were exciting and were like well-fought battles among equally well-trained warriors.

One of the most exciting games was that between South and Central which was played at Central when the score was tied 16-16. Everyone was tense, and excited all through the game.

Although Central did not lead the series, the girls throughout the whole season showed a good spirit and fine sportsmanship, and, after all, that's what counts.

We heartily congratulate the girls of the team and their coach, Miss Henderson, on their excellent showing. The line-up was as follows:

stan, Dorothy Elliott and Christine Bell.

Best of luck to this year's team! and with the same good coach and the same enthusiasm and good sportsmanship they're off to a good start.

Basketball is a game which everyone should play. It is a game which demands the utmost skill and precision. It is a game of no contact—you may not touch another player. It calls for a true eye, a steady hand, and much endurance. Few people who have not played the game realize the speed and stamina it demands.

The most important factor in basketball is team-play. It requires perfect cooperation to play this game. It develops in one the ability and willingness to work with others towards a



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row—Miss Henderson, Jean Paterson, Joyce Murfin, Christine Bell, Dorothy Elliott, Margaret Houghton.

Second Row—Jean McNally, Doris Burston.

Back Row—Isabel Nevin, Jean Crawford.

Forwards—Margaret Houghton, Marian McNaughton, Joyce Murfin, Jean Crawford, Isabel Nevin and Patricia Labeski.

Guards—Jean Paterson, Jean McNally (captain); Doris Bur-

single objective. It produces the elements so necessary for everyday life when one's basketball experiences are a dim memory—the ability to cooperate, to take defeat with a smile, and victory with grace.

CENTRAL ABLY REPRESENTED AT PLAYGROUNDS MEET

The annual playground meet this year was held on August 31st, in the form of the British Empire games. Each playground represented a country and all contestants wore a different colour to show to which playground they belonged. After each event the winner mounted the throne and the flag of the country which the winner represented was raised. Not only the playgrounds, but also Central was honoured through Poppy Nevin, Jean Crawford, Isa May, Verna McQuiggan, and Jean Norton, some of our girl athletes.

Verna McQuiggan, last year's Junior Champion again ran up the score for Kensington with two seconds and two thirds. The rest of the Central students who took part helped to bring honour to their playgrounds and to us.



3rd Year—INTERFORM BASKETBALL WINNERS

Front Row—Hilaire Little, Miss Armstrong, Eveline Coulls, Jean McNally, Jean Lawson,
Back Row—Helen Wong, Margaret Linnell.

... ON SAILING ...

Sailing is a sport which is becoming increasingly popular. The call of the flashing hull, the shining sail, the fresh breezes and the open waters, is being answered by more people every year, for sailing is a healthful sport in which boy and girl, young and old can indulge.

Like other sports sailing is exciting, requires nerve and skill, and a wrong move can quickly spell disaster in the form of a thorough ducking, a swamped boat, or a knock on the head which will help you to remember to move faster the next time. As in other sports the fundamentals are simple and once a rudimentary knowledge has been gained a great deal of fun can be had in sailing boats, large or small, dinghy

or sailing-canoe.

Sailing consists of three chief operations: first, tacking—with the sail close-hauled, the boat is advanced into the wind by taking a zig-zag course with the wind first on one side then on the other; second, reaching,—with the sail let about half way out the boat is sailed at right-angles to the direction of the wind; third, running,—in order to do this the sail is let right out and the boat is made to sail in the same direction as the wind.

If you are ever invited to go sailing do not wait to be asked a second time, for everyone who has sailed, will tell you that it is a keen, enjoyable and enervating sport.

—Ross Love.

THE TREASURE HUNT

Central Girls' Latest Expedition for the "Pot of Gold" a Success

What woman is not attracted by treasure? The answer, not one! This was the reason for the treasure hunt sponsored by the Girls' Athletic Association which was held on Saturday, June 2nd at 3.30 in the afternoon through the northern section of the city.

A group of jolly girls left Central to follow an exciting chase after elusive and baffling notes. Many obstacles confronted the eager treasure-seekers—their visit to Silverwood's home turned out to be all a mistake and they found their destiny to be only a Silverwood's sign; the "big, bad wolf" was only a harmless hitching-post and the mystifying "lonely lane" a back alley. South to the "female offspring of the King"—in other words Princess Avenue and thence to school where the well-earned prizes were awarded and the welcome refreshments were served.

The ideal day, the course of suitable length, the intriguing notes, and last but not least, the refreshments, all combined to make a particularly pleasant

LORRAINE ROLFE --- AN EXPERT AT CHASING BIRDIES

Last year Badminton took hold among the girls of the school. It may be a new game to some or an old one to others, but the Badminton courts are new additions to Central's gym.

For the past two years Badminton has been carefully taught under the supervision of Miss Armstrong. Twice a week the girls met in the gymnasium and were taught the fundamentals of the game. The season ended with a closely-contested tournament. Sixteen entries were received and each girl fought her way to the end. Lorraine Rolfe and Marion Bees were the finalists. After a very close and exciting game Lorraine became the victor.

This year Miss Armstrong will continue her work, hoping that it will soon be one of the leading sports among the girls of the school.

Good luck, girls, and may we help in bringing Badminton to be one of the most popular games of the school.

afternoon and a happy time for all present.

May we, as girls, take this opportunity to thank all those teachers who so willingly gave of their time to make this event so successful.



Gymnastics in Denmark

Gymnastics in Denmark! Can a Canadian conceive the significance of that exclamation? You who may even have thought of gymnastics as work or listened half listlessly to the command 'Arms upward stretch,' can you realize what gymnastics means to a Danish boy or girl? Gymnastics are exercises to develop the body. In Denmark not alone with their bodies do they do gymnastics for into every movement seems to go their very soul. There is a spirit in their work which shines forth in their eyes and seems to take possession of their every action. 'Arms upward stretch' is no longer a stodgy command but a vital forceful living thing.

The gymnastics put on by the girls at the Snoghoj school festival were an inspiring sight. The terrace was crowded with spectators as the hundred girls marched down to the grassy plane behind the red and white Danish flag to the throbbing Danish songs. Against the tall green bushes which formed the background the grey tunics of the girls formed a striking contrast. To the extreme right at the top of five white flag poles flew the flags of the five Scandinavian countries. Banked behind these was a picturesque rockery full of mauve and purple bloom. Beyond was the blue sea and overhead was the blue sky. The voice of the instruc-tress, Froken Abildgaard, could be heard as she commanded the gymnastic exercises which

the girls did in perfect rhythm to the music and with the precision of a single person.

Inspiring as such demonstrations were to watch I may add that it was somewhat nerve racking to be the one English speaking person taking part. Froken Abildgaard was quite as apt to change the exercises as my knowledge of Danish was apt to leave me. I can tell you I was haunted with the vision of a lone Canadian standing oh! so conspicuously still in the midst of the ninety-nine Danish girls responding quickly and accurately to the new command.

As gymnastics is the heritage and delight of every boy and girl so it is of his father and his mother. I spent one extremely interesting week-end visiting a Danish family who lived in the lake-district of Denmark. When we were out on a picnic I was amused and amazed to hear the father challenge his young son to a hand spring. What was my surprise to see the father proceed to do a perfect one, landing neatly on both feet. In that same family the mother belonged to a gym club which met once a week. So it is throughout Denmark. One of the most admirable things about these recreational gym clubs which are found even in the smallest rural communities is that they are taught by the voluntary and free services of the young men and young women who have gone to gymnastic schools for just this purpose.

Continued on page 96



SENIOR W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL TEAM, 1934

Left to Right—Bill Ferguson, Terry Ferris, Olaf Wolff, Mr. McCallum, Clifford Sharpe, Jack Judge.
Absent—Campbell Taylor, Colin Brown.

Boys' Basketball Notes

Basketball was, for Central, rather a disappointment this year. The juniors, in practice were shaping up very well, and seemed to be of championship calibre, but in no game did they do themselves justice. Their shooting, in the games, was consistently bad, with the exception of one or two players.

The Seniors also provided rather a surprise. For, at the first of the season it was doubtful if there would even be a team. However, they produced a team, which, although it had no exceptionally brilliant players, played steady, hard basketball, with excellent team-work.

On January 17, Central played at South. The Juniors lost 26-16.

They played a nervous, ragged game, and did not do themselves justice.

The Seniors won 19-17. The Seniors deserved this win, as they played hard, with perfect team-work.

On January 22, Tech came to Central. The Juniors won 18-12. They were not as nervous as in the first game, playing a very steady brand of basketball. This was the first defeat for the Tech Juniors in three years.

The Seniors lost 36-13. Our Seniors played a good game, but were up against a superior team. The Tech team turned in a game of perfect shooting.

January 29—Beck came to Central. The Juniors won 18-12, but it was a close game from start to finish.

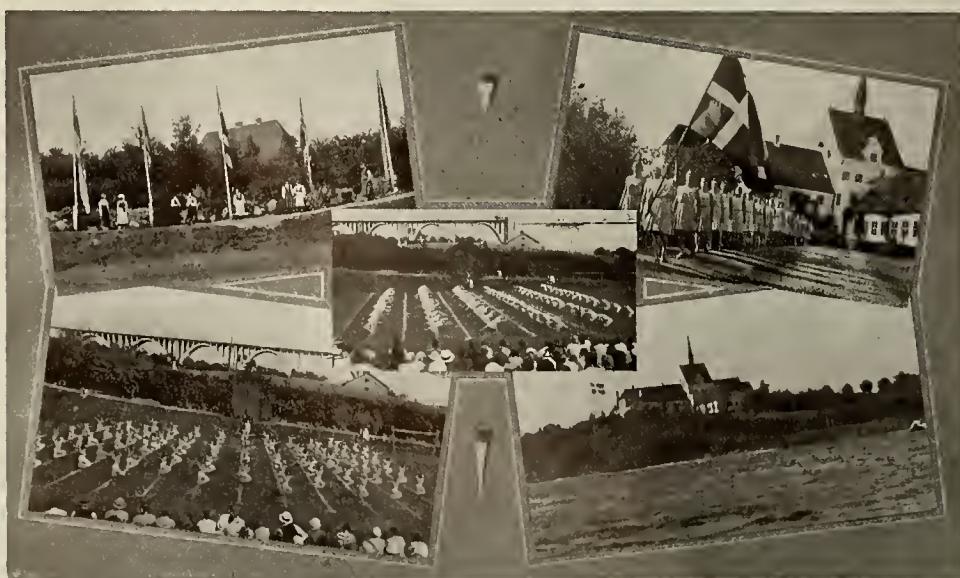
The Seniors lost 33-19. The Seniors' shots just couldn't find the basket, although they played a good game otherwise.

February 5th—Central's home game with South. The Juniors lost 16-10. It was a very close game, both teams turning in a fine performance.

The Seniors won 19-9. They played a good game, and deserved to win.

Feb. 8—Central played at Tech. The Juniors lost 19-5. Tech deserved to win, for they played a hard game. The Seniors also lost 24-13. They deserve credit for holding a fine team as they did.

Feb. 13—Central played at Beck—The Juniors won 12-10. As the score indicates, it was anybody's game until full time. The Seniors lost 32-21. The Seniors turned in their usual steady team-work, but just didn't seem to have the scoring punch.



GYMNASICS IN DENMARK



JUNIOR W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL TEAM.

Left to Right—Top Row—Walter Shives, Jack Guthrie, William Davis, William Manness, Mr. McCallum, (Coach).

Front Row—Douglas Shales, Richard Guthrie, William Clarke, Jack Robarts, Francis Pulham.

Travelling by Canoe

Like every other mode of travel canoeing requires a knowledge of considerably wider scope than the uninitiated onlooker might at first suppose. Among the essentials are a knowledge of the country, a knowledge of the handling of the canoe, and probably most important of all, the secrets of "packing." For it is the portages that either make or break the trip. The mere paddling along a glassy lake is healthful exercise, especially when sunshine makes the wearing of a minimum of clothes possible; but it is the strenuous effort of the portage that tests nearly all the body muscles as well as the ingenuity of the packer.

portaging the canoe is by means of a tump-line or head strap which, affixed to the paddles which have been strapped to the thwarts, serves to take half of the weight off the shoulders. An 85 pound canoe can easily be carried by the average 17 year old boy. Packs should be large and are most easily carried when also equipped with tumps.

Canoeing is most fascinating sport. No other summer sport gives such vigorous exercise to so many muscles or satisfies the spirit of adventure to such a great degree.

—Walter Shives.

A canoe should not carry more than the occupants can carry on one trip. Doubling on the portages is needless and tiresome, and when care and forethought has been used is usually unnecessary. Generally speaking three is the most satisfactory number of occupants for one canoe. This allows one man to carry the canoe and the other two, with one pack each, to carry everything else—"grub" and bedding. The successful camper knows how to pack his pack. He always places a blanket so it will come against his back; then the heavier things, such as canned goods are placed in the bottom, then lighter objects and finally a ground sheet to keep out rain or water. Everything is placed inside the pack so that there are no encumbrances to annoy on the portage.

A most satisfactory way of

CROSS COUNTRY RUN A GALA EVENT

The University tennis courts flash past . . . then the Hunt Club grounds and club house. Now tearing up a small incline they reach the Richmond Riding School, and catch a glimpse of the steaming Smallman stables. After a series of hectic upward winding paths are mastered they slip swiftly through the Medway Farms. Running parallel with high corralled fences they finally reach and splash through the refreshing Medway Creek. The final spurt comes—through wavering trees, across a muddy spring, up a final slope and into the arms of speechless onlookers they rush. But who made up his mind to lead this heat scorched cross country tour—no other than that schoolboy half miler of Canada, Terry Ferris, at present in Australia, because of his marvellous running ability. Trotting contentedly behind Terry, Worth Chisholm played second best man. Ted Clugston came in a comfortable third.

This must have been the Annual Cross Country Run sponsored by Mr. Entwistle and Mr. Anderson. Special mention should be made of Ted Clugston who ever since he won the first cross country run 4 years ago, has placed within the first few. Terry Ferris, the winner for the last three years, is Central's keenest and best all round sport. This ever increasingly popular Central event drew one of its largest crowds, which, scattered

over the Hunt Club grounds presented a scene that will linger in everyone's mind. The stately firs reaching up, with out-stretched arms to the ever blue sky, swept, with their lower cone clad branches the tops of all makes of cars from model T's to Airflow's. Together with the many coloured frocks and suits presented by the gathering, this athletic entertainment was a huge success.

Sincere thanks is sent out to the Hunt Club who annually give Central the use of their grounds for this occasion.

The first five were: T. Ferris, W. Chisholm, T. Clugston, H. Hudson, J. Guthrie.

GOLF TOURNAMENT

This feature event of the Fall term at Central took place at the Thames Valley Municipal Golf course in late September. Our golfers (about 35 in number) flocked to the links quite early and were ready to push off soon after 9.00 o'clock (a.m.). The old masters at the game such as Messrs. Cameron, Entwistle and McCallum took under their wings, aspiring youths including W. Chisholm, B. B. Wyatt, B. Bennet, L. Bovard and B. Walker. Mr. McCallum and B. Walker worked together in order to show the rest a few tricks unknown to even the great Bobby Jones. They succeeded as their score showed.—Jack Guthrie.



THE CROSS COUNTRY RUN

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

GIRLS

This year the girls' tennis tournament was played off in the latter part of September and the first part of October. On the days chosen for the games the weather was, for the most part, ideal.

For some years past the tennis entry has been very small but this year it was unusually so. However, the fewness of the contestants served to make the competition keener. Only eight girls originally entered and two rounds brought Miss Christine Bell and Miss Kay Probry into the finals. The final game was played off after four o'clock on October 9th. Miss Christine Bell was successful in defeating Miss Kay Probry with a score of 6-4, 6-3.

We can only hope that next year's tournament will be as successful as that of this year. At least an equal success would be assured if only more girls would compete.

SECOND YEAR GIRLS' TEAM MET WITH HARD LUCK

This year the second year team fought hard, but Fate seemed to be always against them. The tournament took place at Beck Collegiate on December 8th and 9th.

On Friday, December 8th, at 7.30 p.m., the South and Central teams met, making a score of 23 for South and 18 for Central. This, being a very close game, showed not only ability for but also much interest in basketball.

On Saturday afternoon the two losing teams of the previous evening's games, Beck and Cen-

BOYS

This year's tennis tournament was perhaps the most successful Central has ever had. The interest was exceptionally keen in both the boys' and girls' matches. The entries were numerous and all contestants were of good tennis calibre. As in other years the finest sportsmanship was displayed.

In the boys' match a keen struggle was witnessed from the first round to the final match. The four boys who succeeded in reaching the semi-finals were Abe Grace, Dick Marvell, Tom Hardy, Dudley Thompson. In the first match of the semi-finals Marvell proved superior to Grace and won in straight sets. In the other match Thompson defeated Hardy after a very hard and long fight. In the final match Marvell defeated Thompson in straight sets 6-2, 6-1.

The new champion is worthy of the title and we congratulate him on his success.

tral, met each other and showed great enthusiasm, but Central was again loser by a score of 14 to 4.

The crowd who assembled for these tournament games, kept the players' spirits high by a loud school cheer every few minutes. Although our team lost this year, we hope they will come out on top in this coming season with success in every game.

The forwards:—Ariel Swartz (capt.); Margaret Clark, Betty Birch, Maxine Ward.

The Guards—Beth Farnham, Ann Little, Carol Phelps, Dorothy Warrington.



1934 TRACK SUCCESSES

Our inspired Juveniles again showed us the way to honours in the annual Wossa Track Meet held at the University of Western Ontario Stadium on Saturday, May 19th, 1934. A great deal is expected of these Juveniles in years to come, as they certainly made a splendid showing. Having trained seriously all spring, they were in the pink of condition, and practically walked away with the Juvenile Championship. The Juvenile team, consisting of Floyd Brown, Bill Wong, Jeff Miller and George Der Stepanian won, and set up a new record in the relay race of 1-5 of a second higher than the former. Billy Wong, the Juvenile individual champion of Wossa, won the high jump, coming within half an inch of the Wossa record. He also placed in the 75 yard dash, and won the Juvenile broad jump. This is the second year the Juveniles have won the championship, and they certainly seem to be headed for a third championship next year.

Among the Juniors Central was represented solely by Dick Edgecomb, who made a creditable showing in the Medley Relay, and in the Junior Sprints and High Jump.

The Intermediates, led by Harry Pope, well-known in track work at Central, were unsuccessful in carrying off any honours, excluding the marvelous showing made by Harry Pope himself in the 120 yard low hurdles, coming, as he did, second only to Harold Jackson, of Windsor. Bringing up the rearguard of the Intermediates, Worth Chisolm, Jack Laughton, Stew Spofford and Jack Guthrie made a creditable showing of themselves, the competition being rather keen. It was regretted that Jack Bower, one of the best Intermediate prospects, caught an infection in one leg, and was unable to compete in Wossa.

In the Seniors, Terry Ferris

THE SKATING PARTY

On Friday, March 16, Central held her first Skating Party at the Arena. The party began at 8 o'clock sharp with a lively hockey game between the Junior and Senior teams. The Seniors won after a stiff fight by a score of 3-1, although lacking the services of Jim Bell. Between halves a broom-ball game was staged between aspiring hockey stars of the first and second year. The excitement aroused by the game foreign to at least most of us was capped only by the wild enthusiasm for a similar game later in the evening.

At the end of the Junior-Senior game the students lined up for a grand-march led by Mr. and Mrs. Miller. While we were getting into place under Mr. Entwistle's direction, Jean Lawson and Christine Bell in simple white costumes gave an excellent exhibition of fancy skating.

Since the teachers were present in full force, it was decided to have a hockey game between them using a basketball in place of a puck. Sticks were distributed among the staff, although it happened that the hands were more generally used from a sitting position on the ice. The teachers were grouped under Mr. Miller and Mr. Johnson and after much puffing Mr. Miller's side was victorious. The skating was then resumed for a short while with fleet-footed enthusiasm until the party finally broke up at 10.30.

The amusements provided by the 1st year students and a committee of teachers were excellent and enjoyed by all. We hope they'll organize another such party next year.

was again away to another new half mile victory, also breaking the former record by 2-5 of a second. He literally ran away with it, and has been rewarded, as we all know, by a trip to Australia. Other Seniors competing unsuccessfully were, Ed. Jeffrey and Ted Clugston.



TENNIS FINALISTS

Back Row—Dudley Thompson, Dick Marvell.
Front Row—Miss Henderson, Kay Probry, Christine Bell, Mr. Cameron.

Runner in Australia

Continued from page 73

obtained honours in practically all his subjects. In fact he has always put his school work first in his programme.

In student organizations he has been elected to some office each year and has worked faithfully in the various extra-curricular activities. His ability as a leader was recognized this year by his elevation to the highest honour in the school—that of President of the Students' Council.

Terry's friends are legion. No pupil in the school greets and calls by name more of his fellow-students than does Terry. He is also popular with the teachers; they recognize in him a young man who is never anything but a gentleman.

For these reasons, the honours bestowed on Terry by staff and students were spontaneous. The great ovation in the auditorium on the morning of Sept. 19, by the Mayor and city officials, the Board of Education, representatives of athletic organizations, staff and students was a tribute to a young man who was to be an ambassador of good-will from London and Canada to Australia. The presentation of travelling bags by staff and students, the presentation of a fitted case by the city council, and the addresses were unanimous in paying tribute to a young gentleman with a definite purpose in life.

Further honours were conferred on Terry on the evening of Sept. 22nd, when several hundred of his fellow-students and friends organized a gay-coloured motor parade going from the Collegiate to his home. After Terry joined the parade

it proceeded through the main part of the city to the C. P. R. depot where an enthusiastic crowd gave yells, cheers and school songs. The last thing Terry did before setting out on his long journey was characteristic of him. He brought the other members of the Canadian Schoolboys' Team to the platform, introduced them and shared with them the ovation from the big crowd.

May his trip to Australia, "the opal-hearted country," prove a rich reward for his persevering effort.



TERRY FERRIS

LATE NEWS FLASH

As the Magazine is going to press we have received the following news of Terry's success in Australia.

We congratulate Mr. Terry Ferris on being a close third in the 880 yards race, and also on leading the Canadians in the mile event, being in fifth place. Congratulations are due also to the entire Canadian team, which won eight first, three second, and four third places in the eleven events.

We wish Terry and the rest of the team every success for the meet in New Zealand.

Girls' Year Basketball Team Produced Snappy Players

It was just one short year ago that we congratulated the First Year team upon their splendid showing in basketball although they weren't the winners. It was just one year ago that we wished another team lots of luck and hoped that they would even surpass the fine example set previously. And they didn't disappoint us!

On December the 9th and 10th, 1933, the tournament was held at Beck. Central first played against Beck, when Beck bowed to our team with a 19-11 score.

The final game played the next afternoon, between the two winners of the preliminary games, Tech and Central, was without doubt, one of the most exciting games witnessed for some time. At three-quarter time the score stood 18-all. From then to the end of the game the players kept the supporters on their feet. But after a hard-fought last quarter Tech merged as victors, 24-18.

Central's speedy team deserves much credit and particularly Miss Henderson who so capably coached it. This team produced some snappy players who will no doubt be of great assistance to the senior team this year. Those making up the team were:

Forwards — Jean Crawford (capt.); Isabel Nevin, Dorothy Dowling, Margaret MacQueen, Marian Greene, Verna McQuiggan, Louisa Everitt, Madeline Demas, Molly Smythe.

Guards — Dorothy Peters, Dorothy Grant, Barbara Kerrigan, Jean Robertson, Helen Burnett, Dorothy Lockhead, Natalie Pope, Hilda Haywood.



FIRST YEAR BASKETBALL TEAM

Sitting (left to right)—Margaret MacQueen, Isabel Nevin, Jane Robertson, Dorothy Dowling, Dorothy Grant, Louise Everitt, Molly Smythe. Standing—Jean Crawford, Jean Jolliffe, Natalie Pope, Dorothy Peters, Barbara Kerrigan, Miss Henderson, Helen Burnett, Verna McQuiggan, Hilda Haywood.



SECOND YEAR BASKETBALL TEAM

Front row—Pearl Bonder, Carol Phelps, Dorothy Warrington, Ann Little, Ariel Swartz, Miss Armstrong, Betty Birch, Beth Farnham. Back row—Maxine Ward, Margaret Clark.

L. C. C. I. REVIEW RECORDS

Over 200 Students contributed to the literary make-up of the Review

REVIEW EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor—Donald Prior

Assistant Editors:

Literary and Poetry—Elizabeth Harvey, Betty Patterson, Eveline Coulls, Margaret Prior, Patricia Lett, Dorothy Mark, Leslie Wheable, Gerald Wyant, Bob Clarke, Mary Dampier, Alice Der Stepanian, Suzanne Butler, Donald Miller, Donald McLennan, Eugene Aristoffe, Albert Goldberg, Katherine Bishop.

Art—Jean Tennent, Helen Wong, Dorothy Phillips, Peter Kerrigan.

Exchange—Albert Goldberg, Alex Smith.

Alumni—Bette Inksater.

Beyond the Seas—Alice Der Stepanian, Elizabeth Harvey, Betty Patterson, Nora Fetherstone, Kitchener Hartmann.

Punch—Walter Shrives, Gerald Wyant, Leslie Wheable, Megan McNaughton, Christine Bell, Geoffrey Miller, May Spears.

Music—Evelyn Coughlin.

The Central Sporter—Jack Guthrie, John Moore, Marion McNaughton

Dramatics—Margaret Prior

PRIJES

Stories—First Prize
Change of Heart.....Betty Patterson

Second Prize—
Not What She Wanted.....Marion Keene

Poems—First Prize
Dream Garden.....Suzanne Butler

Second Prize—
Dream Land.....Bette Hueston

Honourable Mention—
The Flush of Morn.....Emily Moore

For Most Reviews Sold—
Marion Ferguson } equal.....65
Christine Bell } equal.....65

For Most Advertisements Sold—
First—Joan MacRae—sold.....23
Second—Stewart Spofford }
Frances Beal }.....16

In addition to the Business Staff the following also sold one or more advertisements:
Barbara Brown, George Der Stepanian, Earnest Harding, Jack Hawthorne, Megan McNaughton, Jack MacKinnon, Dick Orr, Betty Patterson, Barbara Perry, Kay Sandford, Ruth Watson.

Pupils who have sold ten Reviews or more:

Christine Bell.....	65
Marion Ferguson.....	65
Constance Collins.....	38
Bill Willis.....	35
Jim Bell.....	34
Fred Hammerton.....	32
Marie Slater.....	31
Megan Mc Naughton.....	30
Geoffrey Miller.....	25
Jack Morgan.....	24
Jim O'Neil.....	17
Barbara Perry.....	17
Jessie Schaeff.....	16
Jocelyn Little.....	15
Edward Mayor.....	15
Charlie Seager.....	14
Ralph Nichols.....	14
Kay Probyn.....	14
Bob Dowler.....	14
Jean Wrighton.....	13
Bill Turner.....	13
Ken White.....	13
Fred Harper.....	13
Reg Foster.....	12
Tony Olivastri.....	12
Doris Kingsmill.....	12
Marjorie Vining.....	11
Bill Davis.....	11
Bill Squire.....	11
Reva Goldstick.....	11
Martin Davis.....	11
Josephine Brown.....	11
Doris Mercer.....	10
Hilaire Little.....	10
John Moore.....	10
Patricia Letts.....	10
June Streeter.....	10
Howard Waller.....	10
Helen Hill.....	10
Helen Dickie.....	10
Barbara Brown.....	10
Norman Whipple.....	10
Fred Rice.....	10
Hazel Fox.....	10
Jean Joliffe.....	10
Margaret MacQueen.....	10
Norman Laud.....	10

SALES CAMPAIGN

First Year Head the List

Year	No. of Students	No. of Reviews Sold	Average Per Student
I	285	855	3.0
II	277	795	2.9
V	140	368	2.6
III	209	475	2.3
IV	191	339	1.7
	1102	2832	2.57

ADVISORY BOARD

J. B. West (chairman), Miss D. McCann, Miss K. Morrison, Miss M. McKee, Miss A. Gilles.

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<i>Associate Business Manager</i>	Frances Beal
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NOT WHAT SHE WANTED

Continued from page 15

a rush. The four boys leaped forward in order to retrieve the elusive pup. Peter also jumped—pushing, shoving, and kicking. He had almost reached the dog, when a large figure rushed toward him. The dog was between them and Peter was determined to be the hero of the hour. He stepped forward and lowered his shoulders, causing the individual to slide over his back and land on an unsuspecting ear --- Peter had the dog. He looked up to find Betty and saw instead, to his dismay, that the unfortunate person was the rugby coach! Peter wished the earth would swallow him up. To his surprise, the coach grabbed him by the shoulder, just when he was contemplating a quiet disappearance.

"Say, you're just the fellow we need. Report at rugby practice tomorrow and don't forget!" With that he vanished, leaving Peter with open mouth and eyes almost falling from their sockets.

The next day Peter was at practice. The rugby equipment certainly made him feel important, and the shoulder-pads! It happened that Peter had what the coach thought was necessary and with a little practice——!

Then came the big game. It was a perfect day. The turf was firm from the frost of the night before, and the air had just the right sting to it. Crowds swarmed around the field. Ribbons, flags, and banners waved above the spectators' heads. Betty stood right behind the bench where the players sat. The game began.

The teams were quite evenly matched, and at the end of the third quarter, the score was five to nothing, the other team having come through and made a touchdown. When there were only five minutes to go, the main quarterback gave out, and Peter was to take his place. His team had gained no points and he had not even played. He had felt like the smallest person on earth, and Betty standing right behind him did not help matters at all. When the quarterback came off, the coach shoved Peter off the bench and told him, in words that Peter hoped Betty did not hear, that if he lost the game, he had better keep running.

Nothing spectacular happened in the first two minutes and Peter began to wonder if the coach meant what he said. All at once he saw the ball coming. He reached for it, it slipped through his hands and he heard the crowd groan. But no, he managed to catch it before it touched the ground; he hung onto the ball so hard that it was a wonder that there was any air left in it. He heard the groans of the crowd turn into a yell. Then he started to run, dodging, twisting, shoving, side-stepping, until he had cleared them all except one "back" on the other team. The half-back was coming nearer, crouching like a cat, ready to spring and Peter couldn't run around him. The roar of the crowd was deafening. For the second time at a crisis in Peter's life, he lowered his shoulders and

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charged. The other player, taken by surprise, followed the same course over Peter's shoulder that the coach had followed that fatal Saturday. Peter reached the line and fell forward, making a touchdown for his team. The touch was converted before the whistle blew. Peter's team won with a score of six to five.

He was lifted to his team-mates' shoulders and carried around the field, while the crowd joined in the chant, "What's the matter with Pete? He's all right!"

The only one Peter saw was Betty. She was standing behind the others. She was smiling at him! Peter nearly fell off the swaying shoulders.

When they let Peter go at last, he walked by Betty, hoping against hope that she would speak to him. She came towards him.

"Congratulations, Peter! You were marvellous."

"Aw shucks, that was nothing," replied the crimson Peter.

"It was though!" replied Betty. "I like rugby better than any other game and I can't stand boys who don't go out and play it."

"Well I'll be —!" exclaimed Peter. This struck him like a thunder-bolt. Of course it cleared up everything. Needless to say, Peter and Betty saw a lot of each other after that. After all, perhaps he did have what she wanted.

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MORTON THE GREAT

Continued from page 35

owner of a million dollar house in the Magnetewan, can't afford a crust of bread. Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear sir ____."

"Oh, don't protest. I'm quite all right, I assure you. Used to eat more at one meal than the average man ate at five. My wife used to be ashamed of me. My wife! Ha, ha, that's funny, too! She's in Europe married to Count somebody-or-other. Lord, how she hated me for losing my money. How I laughed at her, and at my daughters! They left me, too. Don't know where they are, don't care. No, no, I don't want to sit down! I'm all right, I tell you, just a little hungry."

The man was quite evidently mad, either from lack of nourishment, or else the shock of losing his money had driven him insane. Somehow, I managed to get him lying on the couch. All the time he was talking wildly, and laughing hysterically.

"They used to call me J. M. Morton, the great controller of all the biggest syndicates in the States. Oh well, what's the use? I'm starving now, starving, I tell you, starving!"

Suddenly, his voice broke, and covering his face with his hands he broke into sobs. His whole body shook with the force of them. I stood helplessly with my hand on his shaking shoulder. After a while he collapsed, exhausted, against the couch.

When he was calm enough, I took him back to

my friend's house. There we fed him, and put him to bed. That night, he told us how he had "hitch-hiked" all the way from Chicago, feeling, somehow, that if he could only get up to his summer place he would feel better.

But he was not out of his delirium yet. It was weeks before he was on his feet again. Then came the question of what was to become of him.

"Don't send me back to the city," he pleaded. "I couldn't stand it. The lights, the noise, the traffic. I'd want to get into the wild rush for money again, and I couldn't live through another crash like this."

Finally, it was decided that he should stay with my friend in the little Ontario town where he spent the winter, and the next spring return to the Magnetewan to start up a small, private hotel in his own house. We figured that with our capital to back him he could make it a paying proposition.

* * * * *

Four years later, I was sitting in my office in Chicago going over some old letters. Ah, here was one from Morton! It was wonderful how that man had improved. He had quite a thriving business up there. The last time I'd been north we had fished and hunted together—great fellow, natural as could be, tanned, clear eyed, and his mouth—it had changed. It was still as thin and firm as ever, but it was rather humorous, and kindly now, where it had been cynical and cruel. Funny

[Continued on page 86

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MORTON THE GREAT

Continued from page 85

though, how he'd never been able to face the city. Ah, well, some time perhaps —

Just then my secretary came in.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Thank you, Miss Lansing, show him in."

A man appeared at the door. He was handsome, and boyish in spite of his white hair.

"Morton, my dear fellow!"

"Hello there! Just thought I'd drop in to see you. I had to come to Chicago, and I wondered if you'd put me up."

"Delighted! I was just thinking about you. Whatever made you come to our wicked city?"

Morton smiled. "Well to tell the truth, I've come for my daughter. About a month ago I received a letter from her saying that she had lost her husband six months ago in a motor accident. He left her with three children and a fairly decent income, but she is lonely. I've come to take her and the kids back with me. It's great to feel that someone really needs me again. I'm going on to Arkansas, to see my other daughter, in a few days. She's married, too, and they're having a hard time of it."

"Now look here, Morton, you haven't got such a fortune yourself. They didn't do anything for you —," I broke off helplessly, for suddenly I realized that, perhaps, in helping his daughters he would find the love which all his life he had been denied.

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Not Quite Such a Goose

Continued from page 26

friend who changed Albert's opinions; and Bill McLeod as Philip, a typical parlour lover.

The character portrayals were very well done. the scenery and furnishings suggested a very home-like atmosphere. The stage crew did their work well. Altogether the play was a great success and was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

—Gerald Wyant.



First Year Play

On Friday evening, October 19th, some of the first year students entertained their classmates with a play. It was a drama wherein several trusty, but rather young, would-be pirates excavated an unlikely plot of ground at midnight, in the hope of discovering treasure. An old man helped them considerably in their escapade and saw to it that their efforts were not in vain.

The cast included Albert Thomas, Gordon Allen, David Kennedy, Conrad Buck, Norman Whipfler, Vivian Grant, Donna Kipp and Margery Madge. The last named executed admirably a rather difficult role, in playing a negro mammy.

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Albert Thomas had a long and exacting part, which he played convincingly.

The scenery was cleverly designed by Mr. Buck and the players were directed by Miss MacKinnon.



The audience at the second year Party, Nov. 16, laughed heartily as they saw Betty Gairdner, Margaret Grey, Howard Gartside, Darcy Zurbrigg, Cleal Pruner, Bob Cuddie, and Stuart Busby cavort through the melodramatic scenes of *They Got What They Wanted*. Mr. Smith and his wife, Mary, Howard and Betty, find existence rather tame until they become involved in a jewel robbery. Betty Gairdner made an appealing little wife who supplied the moral courage that was obviously lacking in her husband. Howard Gartside portrayed this difficult role very cleverly to the amusement of the audience. Margaret Grey was almost professional in her entrances and exits. Darcy Zurbrigg made a romantic hero who bravely defied the villainous Bob Cuddie and his assistant, Cleal Pruner. Stewart Busby held the book.

The whole group showed remarkable adaptability in their roles; they missed no cues; they waited for the audience to get the laughs; they behaved naturally and with poise. In fact it will be a pleasure to see this same cast do another play later on.

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CHANGE OF HEART

Continued from page 20

head like a halo. She went out through the dining-room door and stood on a step about the terrace. Alan stood below her. The flagstones had been swept but beyond, the garden gleamed white.

"Are you coming down?" asked Alan. "It's a lovely evening, though cold".

* * * * *

Two days later an evening paper printed an announcement of the engagement of Miss Amoury Thornton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Thornton, to Mr. Robert Alan Drake, son of Col. and Mrs. Robert M. Drake, the marriage to take place early in the spring. A gay winter followed for Amoury; teas, dances, the theatre, the opera and later there were showers and her trousseau to think about.

It happened in the spring just three weeks before the wedding was scheduled. Amoury came in humming. She had been to the first trying-on of her wedding dress—a lovely thing of ivory satin to be sown with seed pearls, and the invitations had been sent to the printers. Over seven hundred would be sent out.

"There was a telephone call for you, Miss Thornton, while you were out," said the maid. "They said it was very urgent. I've left the number on the pad for you. It was just a few minutes ago."

Continued on page 89

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CHANGE OF HEART

Continued from page 88

"Who, do you suppose, could it have been?" wondered Amoury going to the phone and loosening her furs. She sat down and found the number "Lakeland 7643-M."

"Miss Thornton? I'm glad it's you. Your fiancé, Mr. Drake has just been in a motor accident. He has been seriously hurt and his condition is too critical for him to be moved at once and he is at 419 Holborn Street. It's on the west side of the city. I'm speaking for Dr. Murphy. He would appreciate it if you would come at once as Mr. Drake has been asking for you. 419 Holborn Street."

Amoury spent a frantic half hour searching for Holborn street and when she did find it her eyes were so dimmed by tears that she could scarcely see the numbers. Ah, there it was, a little dingy house that had not been painted for years. There was no front lawn and it was in a street lined with similar houses. A gaunt, unhappy-looking woman answered the door.

"Miss Thornton? Come right in."

She led the way into the living room. If Amoury's whole attention had not been focused on Alan she would have been appalled by the room. It was a dark room with but one small window which had a torn blind but no curtains. The floor was dusty, and bare of a rug. There were

Continued on page 90

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CHANGE OF HEART

Continued from page 89

two chairs, and a table, while one picture, cut from a magazine, adorned the paperless wall. Alan lay on a cot with the steamer rug from his own car thrown over him. A gray bearded man stood near.

"Miss Thornton? You got my message. I'm afraid he's unconscious now and I hold out little hope of him coming to again."

"You don't mean —"

"I fear so. There's no hope of recovery. His mother will be here any minute. He went over and stood by the window.

Amoury drew up one of the chairs and sat

down by her lover. Through her tears she could hardly see his once-handsome face, blood-stained and set in an agonized expression. His eyes were shut. Amoury took his left hand in one of hers while with the other she smoothed back his rumpled black hair.

Then through the house came stealing a sweet sound. It was an almost ethereal voice singing a plaintive melody. It soothed Amoury. The gaunt woman, much perturbed, put her head in the door.

"O excuse it, Miss," she apologized. "It's my daughter. She don't know. I'll just go and stop her."

Amoury shook her head in a dazed way. "It's all right. It's lovely."

But a moment or two after the singing stopped abruptly. It was succeeded by a knocking at the door, a murmur of voices, a scuffling of feet and the sound of crying. Mrs. Drake came in, her handkerchief held to her eyes. Amoury went up to her and slipped an arm around the older woman.

"Oh Amoury! Amoury! My boy. My dear, dear boy! Whatever shall I do?" she was almost hysterical.

* * * * *

About a week after the funeral Amoury went to see Mrs. Herd. She was the woman at whose home Alan had died. Amoury was anxious to do something for her—she had seemed so wretched and her house was so miserable. Amoury was very unhappy, but instead of centring in upon herself

Continued on page 91



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CHANGE OF HEART

Continued from page 90

in her sorrow she began to feel more interest in her fellow human beings, to be more sympathetic towards the poor and hungry.

A little child, ragged and dirty-faced, opened the door.

"Hello, dear," said Amoury. "Is your mother home?"

"Just a minute."

A moment later Mrs. Herd came down the passageway wiping her hands on a ragged, blue-checked apron.

"Oh, Miss Thornton! Won't you come in?" she said.

"Yes. I wasn't sure whether you would remember me or not."

"Oh I could never forget you, Miss. It was so sad. He was such a beautiful young man."

"He was a beautiful young man," agreed Amoury, smiling sadly. "That was what I came to see you about. You were so good on that day, isn't there something I could do for you?"

Someone in the house began to sing. It was the same song and the same voice that had comforted her on the day of Alan's death.

"Who is singing? She has a beautiful voice."

"That's my daughter, Mary."

"May I see her?"

Continued on page 95

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L O N D O N

THE COUNTERFEIT HERO

Continued from page 33

gods! Nothing left if I don't do something about —— Talk about Hughes—he was lucky—it was at least his own money. I must see what can be done about him, too!"

Again we return to the stately mansion hidden deep in a screen of trees, which now are covered with the first light snow of early winter. An ominous silence hangs over the study. The rugged face of "Martin" Beatty is lined, and his square jaws protrude as if to ward off any evil. Lorna's mischievous smile is not present now, but her

kindly eyes look tenderly at the man seated at his desk. Stumblingly he tries to talk to her.

"Lorna, I—I don't know what you are going to say—but you wouldn't believe me before—I'm not Martin Beatty. I m—I'm ——."

"Yes, I know, you're Guy Beatty, his cousin. I've known for two years. Something you said when we were in Italy, then, made me realize you weren't Martin—and then I noticed other little things. You were always so reliable and businesslike, and Martin—he was fine, too—but daring, and he loathed the business, so you see—"

"But Lorna, I didn't save those people—I didn't do anything wonderful. It was Martin! And I'm only—I saw it in the newspaper not long ago—I'm only a counterfeit hero."

"No you're not. You saved the Hughes finally, from utter ruin. He would have gone to jail for that one deal, if you hadn't straightened it out! You saved those poor kiddies from that! You kept us safe, by changing those investments; you are a 'real' hero."

"But, Lorna, we'll have to tell people I'm Guy, and people will talk—you know! It is queer."

"We'll go to Canada, get your name changed, that is where you were born, and we'll be married. No one will ever know."

"But—I—we—suppose—"

"No objections," she replied, laughingly, "Counterfeit' heroes can't be choosers."

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Debating and Oratory

Continued from page 30

participate. The winning team of each year will debate until there remains one team which will be adjudged the champions of the tournament. This idea, introduced by Miss Wyatt, has been received very enthusiastically, especially so by the first year pupils.

Facts about the First Year Debating Tournament

14 teams entered—1 from IA, 1 from IH
2 from IC
3 from IE
5 from ID
2 mixed.

13 debates were held—The WOSSA order of speaking was followed with all speakers giving rebuttal speeches.

Semi finalists were:

IC. Eric Nylin, Kingsley Ferguson
ID. Doug. Finlay, Russ Maguire
ID. Bill Buchanan, Hugh Mackenzie
IH & IE. Már McNeil, Derek Newton.

Finalists were: Nylin, Ferguson, Finlay and Maguire. The finals were held in a special First Year Auditorium Nov. 19. Bill Squires, the first year president, was presiding. Subject—Resolved: That competition has contributed more to world progress than has co-operation.

Winners of finals—Finlay, Maguire.

Judges of finals—Miss Henderson, Miss Roddick, Mr. Webb.

Miss Wyatt presented unexpected prizes to the winners and to the runners up.

Those who took part in the series besides those mentioned above were: Ivor Chad, Ken Curtis, Albert Thomas, Orlon Hall, Jean Penny, Barbara Perry, Edna Burch, Barbara Smith, Jocelyn Little, Norman Whippler, David Pace, Geoffrey Kerrigan, Peter Kerrigan, Bob Quick, Bob Grafstein, Georgina Coady, Holly Fay, Frances Gammage, Jean Houghton.

First year expect to meet winners from other years in competition after Christmas.

Second Year Tournament.

As we go to press, three teams still survive the second year competition, one

Continued on page 98

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BATTLE ROYAL

Continued from page 22

Duchess (also standing)—My lord, my only preparation for death consists of telling you frankly what I think of you. When I married you, I was foolish and ignorant enough to think that you were a man, one to be admired. Ever since the ceremony, I have thought differently. You are . . .

Duke—I will not listen to you. I shall immediately . . .

Duchess—You shall hear me to the end. You are a lowly, despicable cur. I hate and detest you!

You are jealous, proud, boastful, vain, arrogant, cold, conceited and haughty. No one has ever before dared to tell you that you are unfeeling, callous, a domineering brute and unspeakably cruel. (Her voice has been rising and she ends on a note of scorn and fury). For many a month I have longed to say these words. Now I die happy!



Scene II *TAKE HER!!* Dorothy Phillips

Duke (white with anger, furiously calls the executioners). Take her! (As the soldiers advance the Duchess holds her head high, stares contemptuously at the Duke, a sneer distorts her delicate face, and with eyes full of hatred, she walks regally from the room).

Continued on page 96

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CHANGE OF HEART

Continued from page 91

Mary Herd was brought in. Involuntarily Amoury started. It was the girl whose eyes had once so troubled her. They did so now.

"You have never had any lessons, Mary?"

"No, Miss."

"Would you like some? If so you shall have them. I will pay for them."

"Oh, I don't know what to say to you. This is — it's — It's the most wonderful thing that's ever happened to me. I've always wanted to be a singer. Oh thank you—thank you—thank you."

Later, Amoury went out into a world of sunshine. She, who had thought the sun would never shine again.

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Battle Royal

Continued from page 94

(Outside there is a slight cry, a man's hoarse voice, a bell and silence).

(The Duke sits down, a satisfied smile crosses his cruel face).

Servant—(entering quietly; in a subdued voice)—The envoy from the Count of Naples to visit you, most gracious master.

Duke (thoughtfully)—Count of Naples, hmm! He has a daughter, a lady with a character that I could admire—more like my own! Her father's known munificence is such that my request for a generous dowry would not be disallowed. I shall have to talk to the envoy—cautiously—of course. Her wealth and my name would make an excellent combination. The marriage must be arranged!

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Rugby Teams Have Made

Continued from page 73

suffered another defeat at the hands of our men at a 6-0 score.

One night after 4 o'clock the following week a battle for the championship of the school was staged, Juniors vs. Seniors, at Tecumseh Park. After a full-time game, a final score of 0-0 was turned in—What a game!

There were not enough senior players in the school to make a qualified W. O. S. S. A. team. However an exhibition team was formed, because so many wanted to play.

The Juniors, however, with the exception of several new players were the same as last year, there were few graduations to affect them except Jack Robarts and Ted Collins, who are now playing Senior.

Gymnastics in Denmark

Continued from page 78

In 1934 one need not use mere words to convey the hold gymnastics have taken on the people of Denmark. In the town of Ollerup in Denmark there has been erected an ever-

lasting and living monument in the form of the Gymnastic High School of Niels Bukh. There two hundred and fifty girls are trained for three months every summer and two hundred and fifty boys for five months every winter. Fifteen years ago Mr. Bukh began with fourteen students in a dilapidated old barn. To-day his school includes dormitories housing the majority of his students, a perfectly equipped gymnasium, two huge swimming pools, one indoors and one outdoors, a closed stadium large enough to seat ten thousand people and an outdoor stadium where the whole two hundred

and fifty gymnasts can work with perfect ease in warm weather. In the school corridors, around the outdoor pool and at the entrance to the stadiums are beautiful reproductions of the sculpture of Greek athletes, many of which have been loaned to Mr. Bukh by the State in order that they may be in their rightful setting. These buildings stand in the midst of acres of beautiful gardens and green lawns with picturesque ponds and rambling rockeries. Gymnastics in Denmark have made such a thing possible.

—Marian Henderson



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GREECE

Continued from page 45

8. The country around Salamis is covered with flowers in February?

9. Hadrian was a Roman Emperor, Greek at heart, who attempted to restore Athens, and carried away the most glorious statues to his home at Tivoli?

—Nora Fetherstone

□□

Greek Superstitions

Everyone has his pet superstitions, but how strangely different they are from one another! It is interesting to compare our modern superstitions to those of the ancient Greeks. To them shooting stars were omens of disaster; in this enlightened age of astronomy, we are able to give an explanation of the shooting star, so that it does not seem mysterious, and yet do we not make a wish when the first star appears at night, and if one counts seven stars for seven nights does one not dream of one's future life partner? Jupiter was heard in the thunder, and his wrath was loosed in lightning. Today there are people who believe that they

will not be struck by lightning if they wear rubber rings on their arms. The ancients had moon worship, with its night cantations and magical rites. We don't "go in" for moon worship but the moon does lend a romantic atmosphere to any scene, witness nearly any jazz tune of the present day.

—Helen Elliott

□□

On Catching Boats

Two travellers sat idly waiting for the Aegina boat due in three-quarters of an hour, and commented on the elegant appearance of a white yacht riding at anchor. Suddenly one traveller exclaimed, "Can that possibly be the Aegina boat?" Some bystanders' heads nodded affirmatively and the two alarmed people hastily boarded the yacht as she was a ready moving, half an hour before her proper time for starting. Local steamers sometimes draw up alongside the wharf, sometimes in mid-harbour or even in mid-ocean. "All one can say, as a guide to fellow travellers, is, that there is always some one who

knows exactly what course a given boat will pursue and that that person is always wrong."

—Nora Fetherstone

□□

Mount Lycabettus

The first thing one sees coming toward Athens from the sea is Mount Lycabettus. A person unacquainted with Greek geography might think it was the Acropolis. It takes about two hours to climb the mountain on the rocky road. On the summit there are a monastery and a cafe, the administration of which is so curiously combined that some religious fanatics might consider the result shows lack of reverence for sacred things.

□□

Melons of Argos

Huge green melons are grown in Greece, especially around Argos, where they are ten and twelve inches in diameter. They are served almost every meal while in season.

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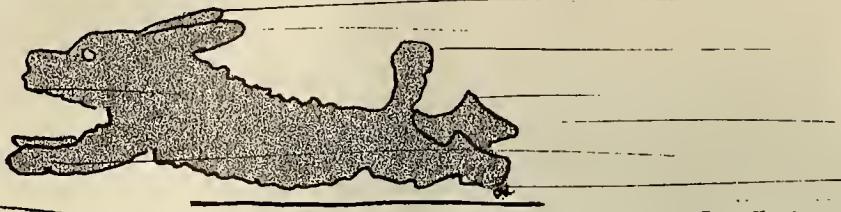
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Debating and Oratory

Continued from page 93

through a bye, Barbara Moriss and Mary Morrison, one through default, Reva Goldstick and Sarah Goldberg, and one through competition, Ken Lawton and George Der Stepanian. Jean Martin, Nessie Allison, Molly Snyth and Carrie Hicks have been eliminated.

Middle and Upper School schedule will be run off next term.

Teams entered are: 3rd year—Eugene Aristoff, Leslie Wheable. 4th year—Jim Orr, Jack Laughton. Marion McNaughton, Esther Ginsberg, Wilson Reason, Laird Bovaird.

THEN AND NOW IN DEBATING

Did you know that:

... there was once a men-teachers' debate?
... there have been sixteen debates at Central already, this year, and that

there will be four more before Christmas?

- ... debating runs in the Ivison family? Frances is the third of the clan to represent Central in Wossa debates.
- ... Wossa debates were not always home and abroad? You either sent a team away or entertained, not both—and if you got a one sided subject you were simply out of luck or not as the case might be. Debates were usually held at night. The leader of the affirmative had the only rebuttal speech.
- ... Helen Higgins who was debater and orator for Central last year is now debating for Alma College? Helen's elder sister, Elinor, affectionately known as 'Sam,' debated for Central in 1924.
- ... Ex-debaters from Central are: Arts Editor on The Gazette
President of the Classical Society
Sports Editor of The Gazette
President of the Sophomore Year at

Western

President of one of Western's political clubs

Members of Western's inter-university debating teams

Aspiring reporters on The Gazette?

... two ex-debaters from Central are journalists (one calls up from a local paper to ask what the results are) and one is an author?

... two members of our staff were on opposite sides in the Wossa championship of 1925?

... oldest debate claim in the world is "That's Your Fault"?

France

Continued from page 48

number of flowers and orange trees render the surrounding of this spot worthy of its remarkable beauty."

Versailles was the scene of many gorgeous fêtes. It was the playground of the nobility. Plays and musical comedies were enacted there. Great balls, hunts, all manner of games seemed to follow each other in quick succession. A gay, aimless life was the order of the day. It was little wonder that the starving peasants hated the court so bitterly.

The palace itself was colossal, built to accommodate ten thousand people. It contained wonderful portraits of all the great epics in French history, for Versailles is in reality a marvellous memorial to the lives of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., their queens and their mistresses. It is the product of the wealth of a monarchy which starved its peasants and pampered its nobility. Nevertheless it is one of the marvels of the world, a sight which any visitor to France should never miss.

—Peggy Stratton

Peter Kerrigan

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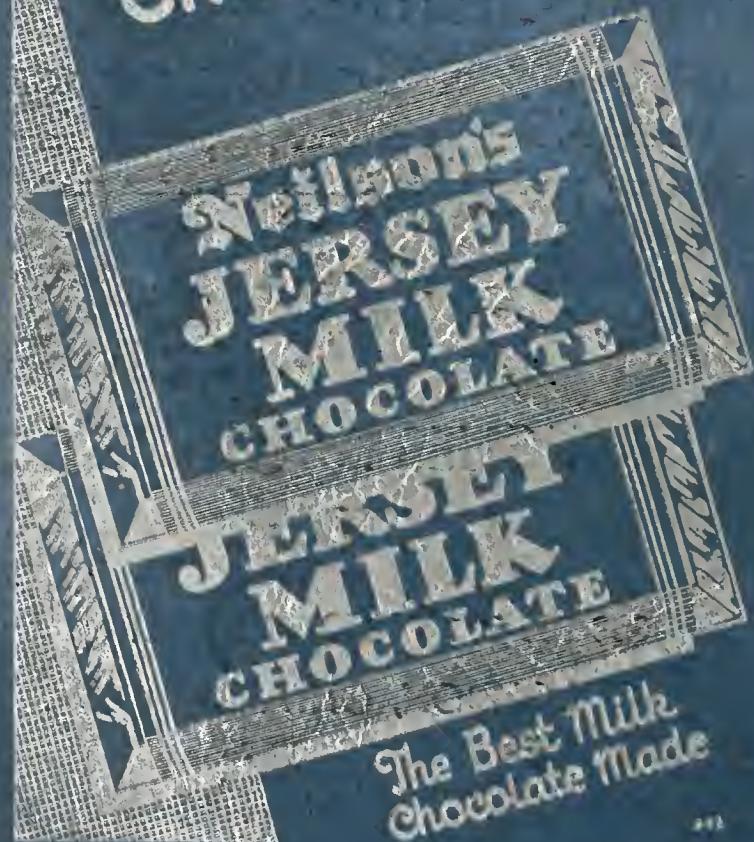
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